

The Creighton Quarterly Shadows

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CONTENTS

Siege	Virginia Gerhard	196
Is There a Doctor in the House?.....	Harry Walsh	197
I Mean to Say.....	Angela Costigan	203
The Wall Between (Poem).....	Thomas Edward Kane.....	217
Addio!	Emma Elizabeth Roennau.....	218
The Heights (Poem).....	Eleanor Luburger	223
The Men of Dublin.....	Thomas Edward Kane.....	224
Vignettes	Jean Hammond	234
Romance—Ten Cents	Martha Smith	235
All-American Grandma	Tom Leddy	237
Nocturne	Eleanor Luburger	248
Education in a Democracy.....	Leville McFadden	249
Jungle Interval	Joan Finley	255
As Good As a Thoroughbred.....	Faye Goldware	264
Why Stage Directors Go Mad.....	Priscilla Dixon	273

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Siege

Long the day;
The battle, fought beneath our very walls,
Flings clouds of dust against a flat, blue sky,
While endless waves of combat rise
To beat and break upon unyielding stone.

Yet—
Undaunted pennants fly
White against the evening sky.

But at night,
When the dust lies still and white
Beneath the sharp-cut battlements,
Where lie those who sleep in silent hate,
Within the darkened tower of my soul,
Slips down the traitor to unlock the gate.

—VIRGINIA GERHARD

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

HARRY WALSH, *JOUR.* 2

ON THE drawn shade of the waiting-room office window in the Creighton School of Medicine is a sign: "Free Clinic and Dispensary—Open 10 to 12." As early as eight o'clock in the morning patients begin straggling in the door in twos and threes. Practically all the waiting-room floor space is filled with seats arranged like a section in a theatre. By nine o'clock the room is comfortably filled with patients, and one begins to wonder if the sign on the shade in the office window isn't wrong. Perhaps the clinic has extended its hours from nine to twelve, instead of ten to twelve. But it is soon apparent that the clinic has done no such thing. By nine-thirty the waiting room is jammed solid with people. From nine-thirty on the people stream through the door like bread loaves on a conveyor belt.

By nine forty-five the patients are lined along the walls into three or four extra rooms. The room is full of that peculiar buzzing sound that characterizes a crowd when all of its individuals talk to one another in low tones. At intervals someone over in the corner goes into a spasm of ankle deep coughs. It is the signal for a series of lighter coughs arising about the room.

At about ten minutes to ten the shade on the office window snaps up, and half the waiting room surges over to obtain record cards. Patients are packed around the window ten and twelve deep, and out of the group at the window snakes a double file of people extending into the hall on the other side of the room. One man at the window is crying. He turns away hopelessly and shambles out the main door. The people at the window, for the most part, are dull and poker-faced, though some seem to make an effort to appear smiling and cheerful. It is an effort, because when they leave the window they leave their

smiles also, and their lips are queerly tight. The late comers who had to stand along the wall are the ones who reach the window first, by virtue of a running head start on the seated individuals, who have to rise from their chairs and thread their way down the aisles. The eight o'clockers probably don't mind, though, for the clinical crowd possesses an amazing amount of patience. Many seem to have reached the "don't care" stage of life, and most of them slump in their stiff-backed chairs and gaze before them with glazed stares that see nothing but their own thoughts.

Although the office girls are inundated with insistent demands, they maintain an impersonal, easy, but sympathetic calmness, and when finally the records are filled out, everybody goes back to his seat, and the hum of the crowd begins anew. Some of the patients are very, very shabby, others fairly well dressed. All are poor. Though a few are rough-looking, the majority are gentlefolk in reduced circumstances. Most of them look clean, even scrubbed.

The fellow in the corner looses another floor shaking cough, and, after a second or two, is answered by the chorus scattered around the room. In the space of two hours, four people laugh; short, chilly laughs, they are, with no mirth. Rather, they grate on the nerves like the sound of chalk pushed up a slate blackboard.

The women all wear cotton stockings and calico dresses. Very few wear make-up, yet those that do have applied it lavishly, with an eye for color rather than taste. The cosmetics lie dark and heavy against faces that are chalk white, and here and there hair hennaed to the color of a blushing brick peeks from pert out-moded hats. These women are in a class by themselves. They own lipstick, powder, and rouge, and they are the target of somewhat envious glances from the women who cannot afford these little luxuries. Many of the women are mothers. One mother has four children with her. She marshalls them through the door, making little clucking noises much like a hen

to her chicks. Between watching her children and looking for a chair she has a very busy time. She spies a seat near the middle aisle, and herds her brood in that direction. She struggles through a throng over near the hall, and emerges with three children. She plunges back through the group, and again comes out, with her stray chick, just in time to snare the youngest babe, who is making for a stairway.

Only a few children at the clinic show any desire to amuse themselves, and these are quickly hauled into their seats and told to stay there. One little fellow shows a temporary interest in a swinging door. He gives the door a couple of pushes to make it swing, and his mother deals him a heavy-handed clout on the side of his head. He holds his head in his little hands and subsides. And thus is extinguished the only flickering, cheerful spark in that large, gloomy waiting room.

A fat woman sits squeezed in a chair by the office door. Beside her sits a roly-poly youth of fourteen or fifteen years. Next to him a thin, tiny, worried woman sits. The roly-poly boy says "Mother." The fat woman pays no attention. The tiny, worried-looking woman says "Yes, son?"

At a quarter after ten the the "Doctors' Brigade" marches in. About seventeen students there are, personable and smiling. All are attired in spotless white jackets. They cluster around the office window and procure the names of the patients they are to treat. Then the room dissolves into an orderly disorder of people. Swiftly and efficiently the young physicians direct the patients to the various consultation rooms. The patients go in so many directions the scene reminds one of a downtown five o'clock traffic jam. Those patients awaiting their turns sit ill at ease in awkward positions. Every time an interne appears in the room the people stiffen to attention to hear the name he will call. The student looks over a sheaf of papers and calls out a name to the room in general. He repeats the name, and waits. The group of waiters relax, and out of the crowd a woman hesitatingly approaches with a timid glance, as if she is not sure she

has heard aright. The interne verifies her name, and walks her briskly into the consultation room.

The students know how to handle their patients; they are so pleasant and cheerful the sick people soak up their contagious good nature. One woman hears her name, and follows the doctor into another section of the building. She carries a cane, and hobbles along on a club foot. Fifteen minutes pass, and out she comes. Whatever else the young fellow has done, he has made a decided improvement in her disposition, for she is laughing so merrily the people turn to stare.

Into the room comes a youth, half carrying a girl who has an injured ankle. He assists her to a chair, and goes to the window to fill out her record for her. When their turn for treatment comes, the boy and an interne carry the girl into the surgical room. The boy returns. He walks up and down the hall, puts his hat on and sits down, takes his hat off and stands up, then wrings his hands. Finally the doctor comes out and waves, and the boy nearly bumps into him in his haste to follow him into the surgical room. They reappear, assisting the girl between them, and the interne says, "Well, take good care of this little wife of yours." And people smile as the two go out the door, as people always do when they see a young couple so oblivious to everything else.

In response to an interne's call, the man with the thunderous cough makes his way toward a consultation room. Before he gets out of the crowd, though, he is seized with another spasm. He makes no effort to cover it or muffle it; he merely throws his head back and roars.

Another interne enters the room and, unconsciously striking the pose of a seasoned orator, calls a name. A round, heavy-set woman sails across the room with three children following her like so many little rowboats towed by a freighter. A diminutive colored woman reaches the doctor first, but the heavy woman overrides her like a steamer crushing a launch. The student stands confused. The large woman asserts her rights in voice

that can be heard in all four corners of the room. A mistake has been made, it appears; the surnames are the same, but not the first names. The heavy woman tacks about and sails back to her seat, defeated, only to find that someone else has her chair. She finds another one and sits down, fuming. She hauls one child on her lap, jams the second on the adjoining chair, and shakes her finger admonishingly at the third youngster, who has been edging away preparatory to a bit of exploration around the room.

The second child turns an unabashed stare upon the man in the next chair, who has a bandage stuck over his nose. For a while the man meets the stare, then impatiently fixes a fierce frown upon the youngster, who thereupon turns and calls the attention of his brothers and his mama to the resentful individual by means of a shrill penetrating voice and pointing finger. People turn to look, while the man with the bandaged nose flushes red to his ears and turns his back upon the freighter and her trio of rowboats.

From the back of the room a girl of perhaps twenty-five starts on the long trek to the front of the room. She is the target of open stares and unsuppressed snickers by the patients of the clinic. Flushing painfully, she holds her chin high and looks straight ahead. The length of the room must seem like miles to her, but it must be traversed. She marches on. She is pretty, better dressed than most of the women there, and carries herself well. Children, thoughtlessly cruel, laugh openly, and callous grown-ups smirk with a distorted sense of humor as she passes. People in the front of the room, hearing the commotion, turn to see. All eyes are upon her. She is a midget.

A line begins to form in front of the dispensary door. In the dispensary students are compounding prescriptions. They measure the ingredients with a precision that fascinates the watchful group outside the door. Now and then a student appears at the door with a small bottle or a box and hands it to the patient for whom it is intended. A bent, bewhiskered old

man receives a tiny parcel from one of the students, and puts it in the pocket of his overalls. He takes it out and puts it in the other pocket, then pulls it out again and walks away, carrying it in his hand.

The round, heavy woman, the freighter, is called at last. Her three little rowboats in tow, she barges down the aisle and around the corner into one of the halls. But now it is nearing twelve o'clock. The crowd is thinning rapidly. The room slowly grows quiet as the patients depart for their treatments. The pace of the internes slackens. Doctors stand in little groups, chatting. The patients follow the students to the consultation rooms with little of the rush that characterized the activities of an hour ago. Finally the clinic ends, five minutes after twelve.

Eight or ten people remain in their seats. They appear to be lost in reverie. Two patients come in and sit down, silently, almost timidly. And the wait begins for the afternoon clinic. There is a sign on the shade of the office window: "Free Clinic and Dispensary—Open 1 to 3."

Sea-Mist

White darkness—
Its foggy coolness seeps
Up alleyways, through slits,
And penetrates and chills.
It puts the world apart
In far-off dimness,
Dulling sound, and
Stifling men, and
Blinding them—
White Darkness.

—MARTHA GOODRICH

I MEAN TO SAY

ANGELA COSTIGAN, U. C. 2

THE small blue-bonneted head popped out of the doorway again. This time it tilted upward, then jerked back with an unsatisfied air.

Jervase Weatherby pulled the collar of his coat tighter around his neck, glanced down at the girl standing beside him, and coughed.

“Ghastly weather.”

“Yes, ghastly weather.”

Her head popped out again. No signs of it clearing. Black, heavy clouds were not becoming lighter, though they were exuding rain drops by the billions.

Jervase looked down from his height of six feet once more. The blue hat didn't quite reach his shoulder. Curled up in the back—to meet what little brim there was—were strands of chestnut hair. A dark blue coat was not ample covering in such a deluge; nor were her blue kid oxfords the proper footwear for such a rainy April day. Jervase cleared his throat.

“I say, beastly weather, don't you know. Hmmn—I wonder if I haven't—”

“I'm sure you haven't. I've never been there! I haven't any Uncle Dudley, and I can't spare a dime. Since we've agreed about the weather, I'd better tell you that I don't talk to strangers.”

She threw him a killing glance. It killed him, but in another way.

“Ho, ho, ho! Jolly, don't you know. Right jolly. You amuse me, I mean to say.”

“I amuse you? Well, that's strange. You don't amuse me. Not in the least. No sir! You don't amuse me in the least. I don't know why I amuse you. I don't intend to amuse you.

Amusing people is not my profession; I am not Gracie Allen. If I amuse you, it's a mistake. I do not intend to amuse you."

She moved an inch or two away. However, the Weatherbys were a brave family, and Jervase was a true son. He went right on.

"Ho, ho, ho! Well, fancy that! The two of us getting caught in this storm. In the same place, I mean to say. New York weather never turns out to be what you expect. Now in England—"

The girl stood on one foot, then the other; every few minutes she popped her head out and jerked it in again. In a half hour the sky grew brighter and the rain suddenly stopped. She looked up at the tall man at her side and in her coldest voice said, "Thanks for the weather report." She departed down the street, leaving the English gentleman laughing to himself and muttering, "Well, I mean to say—ho, ho, ho!"

* * * *

In the elevator Kathalin looked at her watch. Nine-thirty! Shulter would throw a fit. Wearily she walked down the shiny hall to a glass door which presented to all who might care to read the notice that this was Milady's Fashion Salon, B. J. Shulter, Manager. Kathalin opened the door and walked in. The lion was padding up and down the room.

"Ach! Miss Bush!" (He said it so that it sounded like "Butch.") "For vy are you late yet again? Yesterday it vas the sub—day before it vas the L. Vat did you ride on dis morning?"

"A rain drop, and the wind blew it in the wrong direction. I stood in the doorway of the Krumble Bakery for twenty minutes waiting for it to stop. I had on this Dulce model, and I didn't want to get it wet. But if you're going to—"

"Ach, no. It's only business dat I ask. I don't want that you should start something new for der girls, don't you see? Business is business, and eight-thirty is—"

"Nine-thirty this morning. Well, if you're not satisfied, remember that Glover's have been after me for weeks." Kathalin didn't tell him that it was for payment on a dress. She didn't have to.

"Now, now—heh, heh, heh! Can't you take a liddle joke, Miss Bush? Hist—a customer. Ah, good morning, Mrs. Cobalter. Spring shopping, I see. Vell, ve've just what you vant. Miss Bush, show the lady the frocks from Patou."

So the day began. So every day began, and Kathalin was getting weary. Modeling clothes was not much fun. As she tossed a soft gray silk dress over her head onto a chair, she complained to her friend, "Aren't you sick of it? I'd never do in a circus; I detest parades. And that old heavyweight wants to see this Marquissette evening gown. Karie, can you see her in it? It will have to be remodeled to fit her and then you'll never recognize it."

"But it's a commission, Kath. And with vacation two weeks off—"

"Yeh, great vacation in a penthouse."

"Miss Bush!"

"Oh, glory, that man drives me crazy. Yes, Mr. Shulter."

The woman bought the dress, and Kathalin went to lunch feeling worse than ever. Over her sandwich she mused on the partiality of fortune. That Cobalter woman, for instance; she had everything—money, cars, even fat. Kathalin appraised her own slimness in the mirror on the wall opposite. Too slim, perhaps. She looked well in sport clothes. Nice face—. The small fabric straw sailor hat, exposing all of her brow, made her look even younger than her twenty years. Typically Irish, she had chestnut hair, blue-green eyes, and red, red lips—to say nothing of a tip-tilted nose. She wore no cosmetics, and as she contemplated herself on the other side of the room, she smiled, well pleased. But then a frown appeared. What good did it do to be beautiful? What fairy prince would ever look at a manikin? One more glance in the mirror, another pat for her hair,

and then—she looked into the eyes of a smiling young man. Hastily she reached for her purse and stood up. Five letters fell to the floor. Kathalin stooped to pick them up—and rubbed shoulders with the smiling young man.

“Oh, thanks. Stupid of me.”

“Not stupid! I’m glad you dropped them. I’ve been watching you all during lunch. You’re Irish. I am, too, and—well, I’m all alone in New York and—”

Kathalin raised her eyebrows.

“No, wait. I don’t mean it that way, at all. You see—well, what I do mean is that there is a sort of bond between Irishers, and when I meet one I always feel that he’s a kindred spirit, somehow. Don’t you, now?”

His eyes were pleading. Kathalin grinned.

“Well—maybe I do—” She laughed. Then he laughed, too.

“My name is Michael O’Sullivan. I’m a lawyer here on business. Say—you didn’t have any dessert. Please do, will you?”

“Oh, I don’t know what my mother would say—”

“Don’t worry. She’ll like me. All mothers do.”

“Well!”

“What’ll it be?”

“Oh, a cream puff.”

“Too mushy. Something else.”

“Well, really—”

“I want to talk to you, and I want you to talk to me! You never could and eat one of those. We’d better have ice-cream.”

Kathy heard him order it and sat back to look at him. Big, handsome Irish. He looked at her, too, and liked what he saw.

“You’ve not told me your name yet, Mavourneen.”

“Don’t! It’s Kathalin. And I don’t like American-born Irishmen using Irish names on me. It’s too much like a French student after ten lessons splashing her conversation with *n’est-ce-pas*.”

He laughed. “But what if you are raised in a home where they use those names?”

Kathy shrugged. It was good just to sit here and sense his cleanness, his strength, his manliness. He seemed different from the fellows she knew. Probably because he isn't New York, she thought.

"Penny for your thoughts. Can't let you go into any reverie on me, young woman."

"Excuse you; I'm not a slot machine."

"You were looking more like a Mona Lisa just then. Tell me what you do."

"I'm a woiking gel. An animated robot. I look gorgeous in clothes and make people buy them. I'm a manikin. I haven't any brother to put through college, nor a husband to support. I've no farm on which to pay off a mortgage. My job is not a hobby, it's a life line. Is that enough?"

"I can supply the rest. You're very beautiful; you've a sense of humor. I like the color of your eyes. I'd like to—" he paused. Kathy waited for him to go on, but he didn't.

The ice cream was finished; there seemed no reason for staying on. Somewhere a clock struck two. Kathy jumped.

"Good grief! I'm late again. I should have been back at one." She picked up her purse and stood.

"I'll let you go, but I do want to see you again. I know we've not been properly introduced, and I haven't any credentials with me, but—"

"You're Irish."

"Then you will? Let's see. I've a dinner engagement tonight—business. How about lunch tomorrow—here? I'm leaving tomorrow afternoon."

His hand was on her arm. She looked up, and what she saw affected her breath, so she could only nod her head.

"Fine. Then tomorrow, we'll meet, Mavourneen."

New York had never seemed so lovely, but Kathalin hurried back to the shop. She was a very good manikin, she knew; but just how long she could keep old J. P. thinking that, she didn't know.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shulter. I met a friend and—"

"Das all right. Das all right. You vill nefer be any difference. Hurry now. I vant you to pack a bag vit evening clothes for a young girl you size. Gown, shoes, everything. Pick out the one you like best. Money?—ach, he said money vas no matter. Don't stand and stare! Quick!"

"But I don't understand—"

"Vimmin nefer understand. Pack der bag."

It was fun doing it. Kathy pretended that it was for her; that she was dining with a young man—an Irish young man—and she thrilled a little as she selected a dark blue net gown sprinkled with silver paillettes. A cape-like scarf was placed on top of the gown. Lingerie and blue sandals completed the ensemble. She shut the bag. Well, things like that were not for such as manikins.

"Ready? Fine. You are quick ven you please, Miss Bush! Now get a cab and go to this address—"

"Wait! Am I a model or a delivery boy? Aren't you getting mixed up?"

"Heh, heh, heh! Running my business for me, eh? Vell, Ben Shulter knows vat he is doing. You are to take it to this address and fit it—"

"But—"

"There is a generous commission, and maybe I could let you have der twill suit for haf price."

"Oh, really? Oh, where's the bag—and the address? I'm off."

* * * *

Houses flew to meet her as she sped along in the cab. Her thoughts were flying, too; the new twill suit at half price! Perhaps her commission would pay for it. And she could wear it to lunch tomorrow. A smile broke out as she thought of how well she wore russet.

The sudden stop of the cab jerked her back to the present. Eagerly she got out and walked up the flag-stone steps. She

had expected a wealthy home—"money is no matter"—but this place was little less than a mansion. Out came her mirror; she had to see if her eyes had become saucers. Reassured, she rang the bell. A butler, too much taken up with his profession, admitted her into a spacious hallway. With grim determination she mastered a grin.

"I want to see—"

He was eyeing her queerly.

"The—er—ahem—servants entrance is in the rear."

"That's convenient, I should think. And are the quarters over the garage? That's the way they have it at home."

He was firm. "Ahem—I think the master—er—ahem—is not in need of any more—er—parlour-maids."

Kathy looked down at herself. She certainly didn't look like a—. "My good man, you've gone far enough. Allow me to see the lady of the house. At once."

"Ahem—this is the Weatherby residence, Miss, and—"

"Oh, I say, Ambrose, I'll take care of the young lady—well, well! How extraordinary! It's you!" A tall young man had come upon the scene. Kathy frowned. It was the Englishman who had spoken to her in the doorway this morning.

"Well, it was when I left the cab, and it wasn't extraordinary. It may still be if you'll please explain a bit."

"Explain? Me? Ho, ho, ho, that's good! I mean to say, it's really your turn to explain, don't you know!" And Jervase laughed again.

"Oh, stop your girlish laughter. I was sent here to deliver and fit an evening gown. I don't know what you're doing here, but if you know where the lady is who ordered the dress, please be kind enough to tell her I'm here." Kathy plopped herself down on the bottom step of the wide stairway, dropped her bag at her feet, and sat with her chin in her hands.

"Oh, Lord! I mean to say! Are you from the salon? By Jove, I—I'm overwhelmed!"

"Well, I'm not going to move over, so take it easy. Are you going to get the lady, or do I ring a bell?"

"Lady? But there isn't a lady in the house."

"I resent that."

"No lady except yourself, I mean to say."

"Then what—?"

Jervase shook his head. "You're rather late, you know. Ambrose will show you where you can change your frock, and we'll leave at six. A bit clever, that one you are wearing. I hope you brought something blue. My uncle is extremely fond of blue."

"Change? Leave?" Kathalin stood up. "Young man, I don't know what you're framing, but it's clear that the storm did you no good—you're all wet. If you've ordered a dress, it's here; and if you'll please step aside, I'll go get a cab for town. If you don't step aside—"

"Oh, I say, I'm deucedly sorry, my dear. There seems to be a mistake. You see, it's like this—"

"Are you explaining?" Kathy sank back on the step.

"I told the whole tale to the blighter at the store. You see, being a handsome young man—You'd say I'm handsome, eh?"

"Oh, quite."

"Yes, thanks. Well, being good-looking, I mean to say, and having a sum of money, I found myself surrounded by a pack of predatory females, don't you know. I'm not a lady's man—I don't look much like one, now, do I?"

"Decidedly not."

"No, thanks. Well, not being a lady's man, I liked them all, and loved not one, don't you know. And things were going on all right until my uncle, dash it, heard about it. He wrote that he would disown me—cut me off—cast me adrift in the cruel world—"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Well, he insisted that I get married; engaged right away. A devil of a mess, don't you know. I wrote him

that I was already so—engaged, I mean to say. And now the old—”

“Refrain yourself!”

“I beg your pardon. He’s coming over—will be here tonight—to meet the girl, and—”

“There isn’t any girl! Poor Algernon.”

“Eh? No, no! The name is Jervase. Jervase Weatherby. No, there isn’t any girl. Oh, Lord, what a mess! A beastly mess!”

Kathy eyed the wretch. He was good-looking, if you liked them English. In those white flannels, now, he was a god, nothing less. Maybe it wasn’t his fault; maybe he didn’t invite the swarm.

“Do you play polo?” she asked irrelevantly.

“Polo? Jove! Do you know the game? I’ve got the best polo ponies in the—”

Kathy arose. “I guess I’d better dress. Just what is my part in this farce?”

“You mean you’ll do it? You’ll not let me down? Oh, I mean to say—”

“Dinner, and then what?”

“Ah—the theatre. We’re seeing the ‘Cat on the Mat’.”

“How appropriate. Aren’t you afraid your Uncle will calculate?”

“Calculate?”

“Oh, I forgot; you’re English. After the theatre, what?”

“Then home.”

“And that’s all?”

“That will be all. The old duffer will sail back to England and leave me, and my affairs, alone.” He sighed.

“Very well. I feel mighty queer, and if it wasn’t for a russet twill suit—”

Promptly at six, Katalin came down the stairs. Jervase was waiting for her below. He beamed up at her.

"I say, topping! Oh, quite. You're—you're really quite good-looking yourself, don't you know?"

"Oh, go on, now. No, that's all right. You'd better get a little practice before we meet your haunt. Say something else."

"Your gown—er—well, by,—by Jove! I don't know your name!"

"Extraordinary! Call me Kathy for tonight."

"Kathy. Kathy. Hmm. How Americanish."

"Not at all; it's Irish."

"Oh, Lord! I mean to say, are you Irish?"

"Meaning what?"

"Oh, Jove, my dear, it's really quite distressing. My uncle has a strong dislike for the Irish. If you'll only not mention it tonight."

Kathy's eyes grew dangerously bright, and then she laughed. He looked so funny, mopping his brow in distress.

"O. K. We'll skip nationalities tonight." She took his arm. "All set? We'd better go."

"Ho, ho, ho, I say, this is going to be rather jolly, what? Ho, ho, ho!"

"Yes, rather jolly! But don't laugh like that. You make me jittery."

The black car slid to a halt before the fashionable Garden Fair. The two got out, and Jervase clutched her arm.

"I forgot to tell you that Uncle Clyde is bringing his lawyer along with him. You don't need to mind him, though, don't you know."

"Of course not." One Irishman, three Englishmen. What a night!

Kathy was aware of the thrill she created when she walked into the dining room. Always beautiful, she was gorgeous tonight. The silver stars in her gown accentuated the two bright lights in her eyes. Her skirt brushed the floor as she made her way with Jervase to their table.

Two men were already seated. Kathy smiled; it was going to be a lark.

"I say, Uncle Clyde, Miss—Miss—" he turned helplessly to her. She hadn't told him her last name.

"Mistakes do happen, Jervie is trying to tell you. The car had a flat and we're late—oh—"

The two men had risen. Kathy wasn't looking at the white-haired old man, but at his companion, a not-so-smiling young Irishman!

"Yes, flat. Ho, ho, ho! That's it, a flat. A—oh, Mr. O'Sullivan, my fiancée, Miss—er—Orwally."

Kathy gasped. It made her think of worms—the nut! She smiled at Michael. He bowed coldly and they all sat down.

"So you're engaged to my nephew, young lady!"

"Well, we rather agreed to that." She was still trying to make Michael smile. What was the matter with him?

"You live in New York?"

"In a penthouse. Very cute."

"A penthouse?"

"Uh—an Americanism for a—a—an estate, don't you know." Jervie interposed.

"Oh, now."

Uncle Clyde attacked his steak; so did Mr. O'Sullivan. Jervase looked at Kathy and nibbled at his. Kathy nibbled at hers and looked at Michael.

"How do you like New York, Mr. O'Sullivan?"

"Not at all, Miss—Orwally."

"Beastly crowded place. You don't come often into the town, I suppose?" He turned fierce eyebrows upon her, that meddlesome old duffer, Uncle Clyde.

"Well, for shopping purposes, of course. One must buy clothes, of course. One must buy clothes—" and sell them, too, she thought.

"Of course. Ahem, you are interested in farming?"

Kathy looked at Jervase. Was she? Jervase nodded vigorously that she was.

"Oh, intensely! On our farm last year we raised pickles the size of cucumbers; cucumbers the size of watermelons; watermelons the size of—of—and watermelons," she finished weakly.

"By Jove, my dear, fancy that. I'd like to see them, now."

Kathy sipped her water. Was it warm?

"I don't suppose you have time for such things, Mr. O'Sullivan?" Kathy's voice was pleading. He didn't raise his eyes.

"No—hardly. In my spare time, I write the gags for Gracie Allen."

Kathy's lips tightened. All right—Jervase stopped her murderous thoughts.

"Gracie Allen. I heard her name once before today. Now where? Let me think."

"Oh, don't Jervie. You look so awful when you do." She turned to the uncle. "It's a good thing Jervie told me your age before we left home, Uncle Clyde, or I'd never guess it. I can see where he gets his good looks now. Isn't the music too divine?"

"Hmn, well, I say, it is good music. Rather lively. Makes you want to dance. I don't suppose you'd care to—"

"I'd love to! You two old fogies can discuss the war debt while we dance." Kathy looked a long time at Jervase. Now, if he had any sense, he'd explain to Michael.

After a round on the floor, Kathy thought the music would never stop. Uncle Clyde did something that was a cross between a schottish and a jig. She was breathing heavily when they returned to the table. Was Michael grinning? She couldn't be sure.

"Ready now? We'd better be going. I mean to say, it's time for the play." Jervase was happy. Things were fine. Just fine!

In the car, Kathy managed to sit by Michael. Under the roar of the busy traffic, she asked, "Were you by any chance lunching at the Playhouse around one o'clock, today?"

Michael raised miserable eyes to hers.

"No, I'm sure I couldn't have been. Not really."

"Oh!" she bit her lip. "Oh, please, you don't understand—"

"Here we are. Where is Kathy? Come, my dear, and take my arm. Lead on, you fellows; on, I say."

The play was the best of the season, and Kathy had wanted very much to see it. Now her thoughts were miles away. She knew why he had been so cold. He was hurt. He thought that she was engaged to Jervase. He was hurt. She said it over and over to herself. Then he must care. Well, she would explain it all tomorrow.

"Great play, eh? Great play, Kathy, my dear. I say, you're looking rather tired. Mustn't keep her up too late, Jervase. Take her home now. Mick will drop me at the hotel. I'll not see you again, my dear. The boat leaves at five. Take good care of my niece, Jervase, old boy; and try to keep him in shape, Kathy. Ahem—about that letter, Jervase, forget it. Good-night. Goodbye."

They stood outside her apartment. Kathy, lovely and wistful; Jervase beaming and eloquent.

"Topping, oh, rather! He liked you lots. And, say, I do, myself, now, don't you know. Yes, really."

"That's nice of you to say that, Jervase."

"Yes, quite right. I like you lots. And say, it's rather a shame to fool the old duffer, don't you know. Do you suppose we could possibly—"

"No, Jervase, I don't. It's the night, and the moon, and maybe the money. Thanks for the evening. Goodbye."

The door slammed. Jervase walked slowly to the car, got in, and drove away.

Kathy didn't sleep much. She kept thinking, what if he won't come? Oh, but he will. But what if he doesn't; but he will.

But if he doesn't—Well, then things would never be the same. Why had she done it? But she wasn't sorry. The old man had been happy; and so had Jervase. And some day maybe he would meet someone whom he would care for. Then everything would be all right.

"For them, that is," she said, and fell asleep.

Ten, eleven, twelve.

Kathy hurried breathlessly into the Playhouse. She looked around, then walked slowly to a table. It was early. She stalled for time, but finally had to order. Every time the door opened, her heart jumped. She ate slowly, very slowly. It was almost one.

A waitress hovered near.

"Some ice cream, please," Kathy said.

He could be late.

Then it was one-thirty. He isn't coming, she thought. Her throat ached, her eyes were hot. Oh, well, those things just don't happen, anyway. She left a tip and walked to the door. It was crazy, but she was going to cry. She fumbled for her handkerchief, and collided with someone.

"P-pardon me. I've something in my eye."

"Here, let me see!"

The handkerchief came down, and Kathy found that she was being held by the smiling young Irishman.

"Oh—you—you came. I thought you weren't coming."

"Not coming. I wasn't. But I couldn't keep away. I thought you might be able to explain." He held her tighter.

"Explain? Of course I can. He hired me with the dress for the evening. If you're his uncle's lawyer, you must know why. Maybe it didn't look so good, but you might have t-trusted me."

"Mavourneen, I do trust you. And you're not engaged?"

"To an Englishman? What kind of an Irishman do you think I am?" Oh, it was bliss.

There was laughter. Kathy looked up from Michael's shoulder to see a group of people staring at them. She loosened herself, but he kept her arm.

"I know a place where there is a small white bungalow with a green lawn in front, and a garden space in the back where one could raise pickles as big as watermelons, and—"

"Oh, Michael, I mean to say—"

The Wall Between

The cherry tree looks out at me
Across the old stone wall,
Its white and fragile blossoms still
In glistening sweetness fall.

And soon the lilacs moistened scent
Will fill the empty lane
While breezes scale that gate where I
Have sought to pass—in vain.

How long I've seen that wall between
Since in another Spring,
The lilacs and the flowered tree
Saw tender love take wing.

'Tis sad to see the little streams
Of rain run close along
That gateway path where we trod once—
And every step was song!

—THOS. EDWARD KANE

ADDIO!

EMMA ELIZABETH ROENNAU, U. C. 2

A SMALL PUFF of an Italian breeze, delectable as if from Paradise, rustled through the fronds of the courtyard palm-trees and then turned sharply to sigh around a marble corner. The palms rustled again, and the tree below the open window leaned its topmost branches on the circular stone ledge. But nothing else stirred. The narrow little street that fronted the court was entirely deserted. No children playing there. No merchants crying wares. Or ladies chatting with friends. This street was incomparably peaceful and still for those who love perfect calm. Only the palms moved.

Countless sparkles of bright Italian sunshine streamed through the window above the waving palm fronds, to fall like a spot-light on the painter who worked inside the marble building. His skillful brush, meanwhile, lined suffering beneath the weary, half-closed eyes, and then trailed slightly along the edge of the mouth. Slowly that yellow daub upon the canvas was beginning to resemble a human countenance—a face lined with suffering and long agony.

The artist dipped his brush in pasty blue and put a shade of death beneath the sunken eyes. Then he paused, and turned to study the still form upon the couch. The mellow alabaster walls reflected the pale coloring in the face of him who lay so quietly, and the painter put down his brush to study the old-young features. He gazed at the pallid countenance for several minutes, then turned slowly away. His eyes roved to the bunch of wilting flowers, to the worn, stone door-sill, and then to the huge round window that looked out upon the court. The whole room, filled with the warm radiance of the southern sun, and even the plain, stiff furnishings seemed pleasanter in its light; but somehow the room was still oppressed by a heavy stillness. A faint breeze stole in through the open window and fluttered

the paint rag that hung beside the half-painted canvas. The flutter recalled the artist to his work. He picked up the discarded brush, and turned once more to the man on the couch. The quiet figure did not move, but, as if he knew the artist watched him, gently asked,

“Painting again, Severn?”

“Yes, just a bit. I’m rather anxious to finish off that face before I lose the inspiration.”

“I understand. You really have very little time for work nowadays. Isn’t that so? You spend so much of it doing simple little things for me . . . You are always so patient and kind to me—your burden!”

“Nonsense, Keats! I enjoy your company, and you should know by now that a painter never works long at a time.”

“But I wish I might be of some help to you, Severn. Too bad I’m not famous. If I were, you might paint my portrait again. You could hang it in the Royal Academy then, instead of in our poor rooms! Oh, but come, what *are* you doing now? Still working on the *Country Lass*?”

“No—it’s Greek.”

“Antique! A pastoral, perhaps, so that

*When old age shall this generation waste,
It shall remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom it say’st,
“Beauty is truth, truth beauty,” that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*

“My friend, if it were a pastoral, it could never match that verse. No, never!”

“Still flattering me, aren’t you, Severn. I wish other people would say the things you do! But leave my sad career. It shall soon fall in the dust, anyway. Now, what is the picture?”

“Alcibiades.”

“The general whom Athens disowned after he had won her matchless victories?”

“Yes; that’s the man.”

“It’s another portrait then?”

“No. A study. I intend to call it *The Death of Alcibiades*.”

“*The Death of Alcibiades*. Ah, then I can be of some use to you. I’m dying, here before your eyes, and you can paint my death into *The Death of Alcibiades*! Perhaps I can repay you yet!”

“John, that’s why I’ve never mentioned Alcibiades before. You have such absurd ideas! And you know what Italy can do for any illness! Look out there . . . that sunshine . . . it fairly sparkles with health.”

The man upon the couch turned listlessly toward the blue circle of light, and gazed out upon the sun-flooded court of palms. Each one of the trees waved its luxurious fronds slowly to and fro in the warm air. Beautiful, graceful things—like perfect poems, those trees. Yet sad, and drooping forlornly, like a life cut short before it reaches its goal.

Charles Severn placed his palette on the little table, and crossed before the window to sit down beside his friend.

“Look Keats! Those palm trees. See how their arms wave—as if beckoning one onward to find new joy and adventure.”

“Yes. Yes, they’re beckoning to you, Charles. But they’re waving good-bye to me.”

“Keats, you’re worrying again. Doctor Phillips told you that you should forget everything except getting well.”

“Yes, he said, ‘Forget everything except getting well,’ but he should have said, ‘Forget everything! Forget getting well!’ Severn, you seem unaware that I studied medicine once. I know this disease. I saw my mother die like this! I saw Tom die like this. Severn, I know exactly what the doctors know! I know I’ll never leave this dear, sunny Italy that you’ve made so pleasant for me!”

“Keats!”

“That isn’t why I worry, though. I would like another chance to write the things I still see! But always there’s only a coughing, listless Keats—too weak to feed himself!”

“You shouldn’t talk so much. You’ll have another coughing attack.”

“What matter, Severn? Then I’ll never talk again, and I won’t be bothering all those overworked critics with my worthless poetry. Poetry like poor, slip-shod *Endymion*!”

“Why worry about how they criticize *Endymion*. That’s a comparatively premature attempt. Look what you’ve done since! Look at the *Eve of Saint Agnes*, for example. Do you call that worthless poetry? I know not of even one first-rate critic who pronounced it mediocre. They all say they hear the hare scurrying through the grass, and see the frosty breath of churchmen at their prayers. The effect makes me shiver here in Italy!”

“Like that, yes; I’d like to write like that again! But all this laudanum! My heart aches—and a drowsy numbness pains my senses.”

“John, why don’t you keep on composing? You collect the words, and I will write down what you say.”

“There’s nothing to say now, Charles. I’d like to write, but somehow it seems that

*Those days are gone away
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of other years.*

Oh, I can’t think the way I used to, Severn. My words are commonplace and tiring. There’s *nothing* to say!”

“But don’t worry. You’ve done a lot already. You’re becoming famous.”

“I’d like to be able to write again, Charles, just for the joy of it. Fame means so little after one is gone, and joy so much

when one is living. I know I can't go on much longer. I'd almost as soon not.

Many a time

*I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rime,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain!*

"Keats, there's still a great deal in life for you. You'll soon have the pleasure of knowing fame."

"Fame? No, Charles. I don't want fame at all. So many times

*When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain—*

*Then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till Fame to nothingness does sink.*

"Ah yes, I'm tired of this half-living, Severn. I wish Death would come now. I'd gladly find myself in some other world! I'd not lament at all. I think I'd only say, Was it a vision or waking dream? Do I wake—or sleep?

"All I ask of future years, dearest friend, is that my work may bring a joy to those who care to read it."

A small puff of an Italian breeze sighed sharply as it turned the marble corner in the courtyard. The ailing poet turned again to the window, and gazed steadfastly at the waving palms. He sighed with the soft wind, and then slowly closed his weary eyes.

The artist neither spoke nor moved but quietly watched his friend. The face of the poet looked like a strange mask, for he was old many years before his time, and that strange pallor made him look like wax. John Keats did not stir. But as his eyelids moved slightly in their pale, blue-gray setting, Severn

turned quickly away, and looked out upon the luxurious fronds of the courtyard trees, as they waved slowly to and fro in the dazzling sunshine.

The Heights

I was cold on the heights;
So I slipped for a time into the valley.
There I rested—

And high, high above
Gleaming summits rose,
Piercing the sky with whiteness.
And it was too dark and stifling in the valley.

Slowly, haltingly, I climbed toward them
For I knew I must reach those radiant heights;
Ah, I know it is cold on the heights—
And the winds storm cruelly—
But the sun shines full upon them!

—ELEANOR LUBERGER

THE MEN OF DUBLIN

THOMAS EDWARD KANE, M.D. 3

IRELAND had always had great doctors, some legendary, some real figures of history. In the year of 2000 B. C., before civilization had touched the mainland, Capa, the Druid, practiced his "medicine" among the Celts. Herbalist and priest, hypnotist and astrologer, his name is remembered as first among the physicians. In 500 B. C. Diancecht is recorded and the fact that he was the possessor of an elixir which had power to assuage all poignancy and grief. How strange that this of all drugs was to be lost! Yet some of that power was later to be recaptured by a great man among the people who was to discover the hypodermic method of administering our drugs.

In 330 B. C. the Irish Princess Macha, no doubt as lovely as her charming descendents, gave to her people the house of sorrows, a remarkable gift, establishing as it did the second hospital ever to have been founded to that date. Here, later, the Red Branch Knights are said to have practiced the tenderest of healing arts, a peculiar incongruity for it has been said that their greatest delight was to possess a ball composed of the brains of their fallen foes.

Later the Doctors became most honored members of the community, their houses being built along the lovely, smooth-flowing Irish rivers, where by green banks and under broad trees they became centers of health. A certain dignity and restraint must have been acquired by these men, together with a coolness and common sense which was to be the unalterable attribute of their successors. The modern physician notes with envy that these practitioners' bills were paid promptly and that (How much more civilized they really were!) "dogs, fools, and female scolds could not visit" in their hospitals. They understood treatment by sweating, cautery, the handling of fractures and performance of Caesarean section.

In 500 A. D. the Irish monasteries taught Europe, and St. Bresan represented medicine. In 1880 Irish medicine was to set an example in education. The struggle before this time was much the same as everywhere. In 1446, barbers were required to hold a license, but no such requirement was made of surgeons, and women were admitted to practice regularly. In 1692 the right to license practitioners in Dublin was given to the Queen's College of Physicians and nearly a hundred years later the surgeons formed their Royal College, thus antedating like bodies in England by some years.

Our particular interest is the medicine which finally resolved itself from these years of preparation, nineteenth century medicine. Laennec in Paris had begun to realize at this time that a more practical standpoint in treating and diagnosing cases must be procured. Diseases must be classified and studied clinically as entities to help the patient who, after all, could derive no very immediate benefit from examination of his pathology on a post-mortem table. Giant strides in the direction pointed out by Laennec were taken in Paris, and the results conserved and kept clear and sound by Lewis. It was but a shadow of time and distance from the thought of the progressive Parisians to the beginning of the magnificent Dubliners of the eighteenthundreds.

The first of the founders of the Irish School was John Cheyne, who was born in 1777 and lived until 1836. He was born in Scotland and worked with his father in the clinics of Leith for several years after he had received his degree. In 1795 he fought the Irish and curiously enough returned in 1809 to spike the guns, not of revolution, but of those who were allowing the study and interest in pathology to outweigh the clinical side of medicine. He was accepted at once and had only been on the island for two years when in 1811 he was appointed physician to Meath Hospital, that venerable old building standing flush with the street, its sombre stone walls frowning over the dark double doors and stone steps of the entrance. Here he worked, where

after him the greatest physicians of a new age would make progress for years. Cheyne was interested in children and gave a fine account of hydrocephalus, that condition wherein a blood occurs in the ventricular system of the brain and after the cerebrospinal fluid collects, it presses the nerve tissue and soft, unclosed fontanelles of the infant causing massive enlargement of the head. In the Dublin Hospital reports in 1818 he reported a type of breathing which has become known by his name, linked with Stokes', and constitutes a grave prognostic sign in many diseases. In this instance, the patient has a period of dyspnea (breathing hard and rapidly) which increases in severity, then diminishes until apnea (cessation of breathing) supervenes, after which the breath again becomes gradually more labored. With the work of Cheyne the new era may be said to have begun.

The next member of the school was Abraham Colles who, unlike the others, was poor and had few social contacts. He was born in Kilkenny in 1773 and obtained his education near his home. In 1790 he started further work in Dublin and concentrated on all the things which he could use in his profession, with the result that he soon had his diploma from the Irish College of Surgeons and was off to study in Edinburgh under the magnificent Sir Astley Cooper. Sir Astley stood near the very peak of professional esteem, and yet a strange friendship arose between this teacher and his socially inferior pupil. Colles worked earnestly and took copious notes on anatomy, dissecting in Surgeons Square. Here the Resurrectionists, oftentimes not only guilty of stealing the cadaver but of actually murdering their stock in trade, stealthily bartered with the harrassed anatomists. These latter were hampered by the laws of Britain which, while they required a detailed knowledge of the body, made no provision for legally obtaining a body for dissection. When Colles returned to Ireland he brought a breath of fresh air to the wilting schools there. He is described as frank and vigorous, so outspoken that at one time after witnessing an

autopsy on a former patient, he observed to the students, "Gentleman, it's no use mincing the matter; I caused the patient's death."

He treated the body as a whole while discussing each unit in classes and thus gave vitality to his subject. In 1799 he too was at the Meath hospital and twice, in 1802 and 1830 was president of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland. In 1804 he accepted the position of professor of surgery at the Royal College which was being constructed into a model of a teaching unit by its far-seeing members. His work on ligation of the subclavian vein in 1813 only served to add to the fame derived from a publication on lithotomy in 1811. There followed in 1814 a description which is still classical of a "Colles fracture" of the carpal extremity of the radius. This is the common break often resulting from a fall with the hand outstretched to catch oneself.

Colles was highly respected by his colleagues and left surgery in excellent repute. Also, like the others of the school, his existence seemed untroubled by domestic and political tragedy. His life at home was happy. He was a man of democratic tendencies. After his work on Lues and formulation of Colles law concerning this disease, he was, in 1839, offered a title which he refused. His death in 1843 left a void in the anatomical world which was not soon filled.

A pupil of Colles, Robert Adams, who was born in 1791, was destined to teach anatomy at Richmond Hospital Medical School. He worked a great deal on fever which was prevalent in Ireland and which occupied the time of many of her physicians. Adams is especially remembered for a publication on rheumatic gout and later on heart bloc in 1826. His name is linked with that of Stokes in this last named condition which occurs when impulses of the pace-maker of the heart fail to penetrate through regular channels down to the ventricles with the result that every tenth beat or oftener, when the auricles contract, the ventricle "drops a beat." The syndrome refers

to a loss of consciousness or convulsion which occurs when the ventricle is quiet for from three to twenty seconds.

If we can speak of such brilliant work as his in terms of comparison, one might assume that Adams' principles of education are more important than his other achievements. He insisted on a modern, liberal regime and gave his pupils a bedside training which might be the envy of any medical school of today. His character did much to support the Irish school and was a quiet steadying force through the years until his death in 1875.

Two others of the school gave important contributions and took their places in daily practice with honor alongside of Adams and Cheyne. William Wallace, who died in 1837, introduced into popular use Potassium Iodide in Lues; and Francis Rynd, who lived from 1801 to 1861, recaptured some of the surcease from woe which the ancient Dianeecht promised the people. Rynd introduced, in his modest and unassuming way, the hypodermic administration of drugs, among which was morphine, which seems the most valuable medicine known to mankind. He let the credit be given another at the time, but his contribution is now recognized and many of us shall die the easier for his having lived.

I have already hinted at the prominence of William Stokes, colleague of Adams and co-worker with Graves. Stokes was born in 1804, the son of a doctor whose ancestors for four generations had been honored in Dublin. Stokes, however, was to enter the new, romantic Dublin of the nineteenth century. He worked in Ireland and Scotland in an unhurried manner and obtained a broad view of the profession which was to color the whole thought of those whom he would influence. It was only a step from Paris to the famous and socially prominent Dublin of the day and less than that from Laennec of France to Stokes of Erin, who took up the use of the stethoscope and published an article in 1825 which considered the use of Laennec's instrument in an orderly fashion, but was not averse to giving new

impressions and correcting errors of the master. Stokes became popular early in his career. Pictures of him show the doctor as firm and kindly, and he was said to be absolutely selfless in the care of the poor. He diagnosed the first case of cholera in Ireland and published his "Diagnosis and Treatment of the Diseases of the Chest" soon afterwards. This book, like Colles' previous work, was just as vivid and new. Here he linked each sign which the doctor notes on percussing or auscultating a thorax with the actual symptom of the patient and he knew before anyone else that there was a stage of pneumonia earlier than any then suspected. He discussed empyema and other sequella of this disease and observed the fibrous layer in the pulmonary pleura. Stokes used the stethoscope for locating foreign bodies in the bronchial tubes and introduced many other uses for this new aid to diagnosis. His private life was serene. His exquisite tenderness for his wife, whom he married in 1828, was only equalled by the depth of his grief at her death. Honors were heaped upon him and the rare Prussian order "*pour le merite*," rarely given a physician, was one of his cherished awards. He died in 1878, three years after Adams. The watchword of Stokes was observation in medicine and, good Irishman that he was, freedom in politics and religion!

The greatest of all the physicians were, in the eyes of many historians, Graves and Corrigan. Science is not mean and seldom attempts to measure and compare contributions, yet these two were naturally outstanding. Robert Graves was born in 1796 in Dublin, and like most of his contemporaries in the field, he was accustomed to financial security and social distinction of a kind. His father was a clergyman, but was able to give his son as wide a classical and scientific education as was to be had. So, as in so many others of that day, his learning was deep and sincerely loved for its own sake. In 1818 he obtained his degree and for three years he toured Europe and investigated the methods of various clinics. His adventures were numerous, and the vigor with which he met strange situa-

tions furnished him with anecdotes for the rest of his life. In Austria, for example, his proficiency as a linguist caused him to be arrested as a German spy, and once in the Mediterranean he and another gentleman found themselves in the midst of a mutiny. They had sailed for Sicily, and a storm arose, the boat began to leak, and the other passenger informed Graves that the crew was abandoning them and taking the only lifeboat. Graves went on deck and when assured of the truth of this report, seized an axe and smashed the small boat. Then he fixed the pumps, and the ship was saved.

His journeys left him cultured and assured, a complete and distinguished gentleman. In 1821 he was made chief physician to Meath. What a store of memories surround this ancient place, a characteristic Dublin building where seemingly every great figure in the school visited and worked! Soon Graves helped found a medical school in Park street. Here the tall, dark, warm-hearted doctor worked for years. He could be sarcastic, and terrible when he chose to look down his long nose, yet all benefited by his tenure at Meath. He rebuked any roughness in the treatment of charity cases, showing a sympathy as broad as that of Stokes or any other of the earnest physicians. He made his students handle cases, examinations, and reports, and demanded that they reason clinically. A wave of this type of teaching swept Europe after his success. In 1835 he gave his classical description of exophthalmic goitre. The members of this school were all famed for their concise and clear literature, a certain heritage from their blood, but he more than excelled in this way. His outline of the toxic effects of this disease on the heart, the other signs of its effects, tremor, gastric distress, extreme nervousness, irritability and sense of heat, the bulging eye-ball and sweating has led the profession to call the entity Graves' Disease as a tribute.

Graves also described the pin-point pupil, another example of his happy choice of words. His work on pneumonia and influenza was remarkable. He had one of the largest practices in

Dublin and knew the difficulties which the doctor then, as now, must meet when, not finding any lesion or condition at the time which would be specifically influenced by medicine, he must satisfy relatives who clamor for action. It takes bravery to resist their pressure in these rare cases and sometimes it is foolhardy, so he concurred with the current practice of giving placebos for psychological effect. His stand on fevers, which all of the school from Cheyne down had dealt with, was splendid and sure. For thirty years he fought the starvation of fevers and combated the acidosis by feeding and supporting the patient. The modern doctor's liberal diet in typhoid is due to his work and so important did he consider it that he asked as his epitaph the words, brief and proud: "He fed fevers." Surely this alone would have assured him of remembrance. Graves, one of the most aggressive and spectacular figures of a great school, died in 1853.

If Graves rises above the uplifted heads of the confraternity of Dublin, Sir John Dominic Corrigan towers among his colleagues. He was born in Thomas street Dublin in 1802 and as early as possible his Catholic father sent him to Maynooth, one of the first colleges of the faith in Ireland. After graduation he became Dr. O'Kelly's assistant at Maynooth and later studied in Edinburgh where, at the age of twenty-three, he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Returning to Dublin, he became a member of the Jervis street Hospital staff. Here he had only six beds, but this was not an unmixed favor, for he had to contribute to the treasury of the institution in order to maintain them. It seems that from the first he was interested in the heart and soon was to be observed diligently attending and studying the cases which he brought together on his small service. In 1832, the year Britain passed the anatomy bill allowing dissection, and six years before Darwin crystallized his ideas on organic evolution, Corrigan finally published the results of his great work. The essay was startling in its newness, and it was complete. Even today it rests upon its laurels

as the most excellent description extant of the disease it considered, namely, aortic regurgitation. When the valves which close at the base of the aorta become inadequate and are permanently patent, the blood which is thrust out into the great vessel by the contraction of the ventricles regurgitates back into the heart when the pressure behind it fails during the rest period. There is no close-fitting cusp or valve to prevent this, only a wide, diseased ring with a lumen which is open to the passage of blood out or back into the heart.

The words of Corrigan were authoritative, and another disease was added to the group already ordered and marshalled by the French, English and Irish clinicians. Perhaps no other single medical treatise created such a stir. Corrigan, with the Irish flair for vivid phraseology, described the pulse in his disease as a "water-hammer" pulse, the "Corrigan pulse" as we now know it.

In Paris Corrigan's work was looked upon with veneration, and the name "maladie de Corrigan" was applied to the disease. Corrigan's lecture rooms at home became packed, and he became connected with Diggs and Peter Street School and with most of the important hospitals. He was a great linguist and was familiar with the literatures of many countries. No other man except Graves had such a wide interest or such a broad, deep education, supplemented by wide travel. The story is told that he was being shown through a Paris hospital by a professor who was perhaps a little condescending to the strange Dubliner. The Parisian led the doctor to a bed, removed the chart, and showed him the diagnosis, "maladie de Corrigan." Did he know Dr. Corrigan in Dublin? Corrigan answered, "C'est moi." With this cryptic phrase he made a happy man of his host, who insisted upon introducing him to his students and others so they might hear at first hand from this master. Everywhere were such receptions repeated. His work continued, and in 1838 he identified cirrhosis of the lung. In 1843 he applied for examination to enter the Royal College of Sur-

geons of England. This was surprising to his Dublin friends. His practice was among the most cultured people, and he was respected and seemingly had little to gain. Yet he went up for examination. One question only was asked him. "Are you the author of the essay on the patency of the aortic valves?" He answered yes and was admitted at once.

Looking at the portrait of him as a dignified, aristocratic, aesthetic old gentleman with white flowing locks, we can well understand the place in society he must have held. He was always interested in Ireland and wished freedom to believe all that he wished and not just freedom to believe nothing. He was in hearty accord with O'Connell and lent his name and unsullied reputation to the principle of bloodless constitutional reform. While throughout the years he carried out novel work on typhus fever, aneurysms, and produced many other contributions in print and through lectures, he still had time to serve his country in a substantial way as commissioner of education. For this work he was given a title. In 1846 during the famine, he served on the central board of health with Sir Robert Kane and Sir Philip Crampton. Together these three did everything in their power to help the sufferers.

He was five times president of the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland and was instrumental in building a new college, where his statue yet stands in silent tribute, unnecessary from a profession which never forgets. In 1847 he obtained a signal honor. Though a Catholic, he was appointed honorary physician to Queen Victoria. In 1866, the year in which his baronetcy was affirmed, he published a cholera map of Ireland. His keen insight into human nature was not unmingled with a witty spirit. He was called several times to see a lady of quality in Dublin and upon his last visit, instantly pronounced the lady improved. To the questioning of her husband he assured him the prognosis was made by an infallible sign. A looking glass was just visible beneath her pillow.

He asked the profession always to insure dignity and progress by obtaining breadth in outlook; in 1877, as honored speaker at the British Medical Association, he closed his remarks by saying, "We know no difference of race, or creed, or color, for every man is our neighbor." Thus did he carry to the center of the most enlightened body of men in the Empire a philosophy which was earnest and holy. In 1880 he died of cerebral hemorrhage, and when he lay dead, the last man of the original great school had passed. His epitaph and that of the Irish school may never be written, but the school has lived, progressed, become a part of modern medicine, and the names of its members include their successors in the years between. Their names are in our hearts. Such were the men of Dublin.

Vignettes

City

Mansions smiling in the sunlight and tawdry tenements shrinking under the sun's searching rays. Normal happy little children dancing off to school and hideous little monsters trailing behind. Libraries and colleges and appalling ignorance. Crowds, always crowds and the feeling of being forever alone. Night spots crowded with people who must always be hurrying to some new place and leisurely people staying at home and being happy. All the smart young things striving for individuality and thereby achieving the success of looking and being precisely like every other smart young thing. The rustic quiet of suburban districts and the perpetual roar of whistles and cars and motors which is part of the brain of urbanites.

Town

One cafe, two beer taverns, and a theater. Little buildings cringing against big two story ones. The satisfied look on the faces of matrons to whom cookbooks and dustless mops are important things. A great many church goers on Sunday morning and drunken brawls on Sunday night. Sweet girls crying with loneliness and cheap ones getting all the dates. The cruelty of everyone's knowing the heartaches and struggles of those who have failed. The glorious beauty of prairie sunsets and the sordid ugliness of practical architecture. Ethereal mists over summer moons and people driving up and down the street to see something that might be gossiped about. Ordinary men and men who are forever faithful.

—JEAN HAMMOND

ROMANCE---TEN CENTS

MARTHA SMITH, DUCHESNE 1

It was a May morning, but it might have been November. The clouds were dark and heavy, the wind was cold, and I grumbled into the collar of my shabby winter coat.

Times were terrible. The depression, well nobody thought about its ending anymore. You just took it for granted. Inventory week at the office—half an hour for lunch. And now a street car strike! Cabs were too expensive and, though our honorable boss had warned us against stooping to jitney service, I was in a stooping mood.

It was a 1935 Plymouth, and despite chalked windows quoting how far one could ride for how much, it was a good-looking model. But he was unbearable. What right had young men in new cars and spring suits to deprive their more unfortunate beings of an honest dime? A carnation in his buttonhole, and a glistening pair of shoes. I could see where jitney service was demoralizing.

So he would call for me at five. Such audacity—there were other jitneys, and though they did not have radios, the drivers were at least respectful—or were they? Perhaps after all . . .

“Miss O'Donnell, you are ill? Your typewriter needs adjustment? Or is the explanation of your vacant expression and comfortable position of a more personal nature?”

The nerve of him. To walk into the office and up to my desk! And to make remarks like that just because I happened to be resting! And his I-know-what-you-are-thinking smile! Well, I must put up with it. Five o'clock. And if he was just outside the office, it would save looking for a car. He almost carried me through the door. I was the only passenger.

“I want to go to the Renfrew Apartments, and if that is on your route—”

“My only route is from the Renfrew Apartments to your office and back again and vice versa, world without end, all for dimes.”

“Is that all you have to do?”

“Ah, but I have a charming office with a walnut desk which already bears the marks of my heels. I have also a framed degree in black mahogany—that is, the degree isn’t in black mahogany; it’s in Law. (With some effort I managed to laugh.) But I have an urge to study the common herd before going further with my career as the respected junior member of the firm of Jarrett and Jarrett and more Jarretts to come.”

So that was it! One of those university ne’er-do-wells. I gave the junior member of the firm the most powerful scathing looks as I dropped my hard-earned dime into his pedigreed hand. And I shut the door in his good-looking face in spite of the hurtling invitations to dine with him, dance with him, fight with him, ride with him—for a dime, that is . . . Bang! He was a loafer, and I loathed loafers.

It was a June morning. The sun was out, the street-car strike was still on, and my new dress was very becoming.

“Even in my jitney mirror you look utterly devastating. And I can see that it will be easy to sit all day at my walnut desk and toil for you—”

“I can see that I am going to be fired if you don’t hurry and get me down to the office—”

“That reminds me. My vacation is over and I’m back to the mines tomorrow. But of course the service continues uninterrupted. My office is right across the street from yours. I’ve watched you go in and out for—well, at least a hundred years. Dad wondered why I wanted my vacation now. Didn’t tell him I had to accommodate myself to the decree of the car-men’s union. But say, we’d never have got acquainted if I hadn’t chalked up my nice windows. Wonderful, isn’t it? I love you, and you love me. And we shall soon proceed to go on our honeymoon—that is, if you have a dime.”

ALL-AMERICAN GRANDMA

TOM LEDDY, U. C. SPECIAL

AN INTIMATION of autumn was in the air as Father McMahon and I, from the porch of the parish house, watched a group of boys play with a football in the schoolyard across the street.

"I wonder if there's another Pat Ryan in that lot," the old priest remarked.

"Ryan, St. Ruadan's All-American halfback?" I returned. "He's a St. Bridget's boy, isn't he?"

"Of course he is. He's Dr. Ryan's son. But you should know Martha Ryan, his grandmother. If she's not on an All-American team, it's her sex and not her age that stops her."

The old priest lit his pipe and settled himself for a yarn.

* * * *

Yes, you must meet Martha Ryan before you leave St. Bridget's. If you're around after Mass Sunday I'll make you acquainted with her. Meanwhile, I think the best picture I can give you of her is to tell you what she did when little Johnny Hennessy was sent to the penitentiary—through, as most of St. Bridget's thought, no fault of his own.

I've never been one to uphold the St. Bridget's boys in their deviltries, but Johnny's case was a sad one. With some other young fellows he'd gone to a dance at a Bohemian settlement a few miles down the line. As usual, the dance wound up in a free-for-all, and I'll not deny that it was the fight as much as the dance that the St. Bridget's boys had gone down for. In the course of it Johnny gave one of them a clout on the jaw, not meaning any harm by it, but in falling the man struck his head on something, fracturing his skull, poor fellow, and Johnny was held for manslaughter. Everyone said it was a shame and a disgrace to send the boy to the penitentiary for an accident like

that, but of the whole town and countryside, Martha Ryan was the only one who did more than talk about it.

One day during the trial I saw her coming out of the church and she stopped to pass the time of day with me. I surmised at once she'd been praying for Johnny's acquittal, and I was right, for she said as much.

"The poor boy," I said, "it looks black for him."

"Don't be so down in the mouth, Father," said she. "He'll not be going to prison."

"I admire your faith," said I, "but we can't be expecting God to work miracles for us every time we ask Him, and I don't see how anything short of a miracle can save Johnny."

She gave me a sly look. "Well, I've more than one string to my bow, Father."

"What do you mean?" I asked her.

She tossed a glance back over her shoulder. "I'll tell you, Father," she said, "though I wouldn't tell most. There's one man on the jury—I'll not name him—that owes me a wad of money, and there's another, Jimmy Lynch, that rents a farm from me and he'd not like to be moving. I'll put a bug in the ear of the both of them before this trial's done."

"Martha!" I cried, "do you know what you're doing? It's jury-fixing you're talking of doing!"

"What do I care what they call it?" said she. "That boy has no business in prison and you know it. There's no future for him there."

"But you don't want to go to prison, yourself, do you?"

She tossed her head. "How can they send me to prison without they catch me at it? And how can they catch me at it? Don't tell me you'll tattle, Father, for I know you better."

I was worried, I tell you, for I saw there was no budging her. The best I could do was to get her promise that she'd do nothing about it one way or the other till she'd talked to me again. Well, to make a long story short, I finally persuaded her to let

the law take its course. To this day she blames me for Johnny Hennessy's going to the pen.

Well, that's the kind of a woman Martha Ryan is, and you can easily see that I looked forward to a lively time when Dr. Ryan told me he was bringing his mother along on the trip we'd been planning to see his boy Pat in St. Ruadan's homecoming game against the State University Jaguars. But I little dreamed of all that was to happen before we were all safe home again in St. Bridget's.

We started out bright and early, the doctor's wife telling him not to drive like a maniac and Martha saying that if the old car wouldn't go any faster she'd get out and walk.

"I suppose you're prouder than words can tell of your grandson," I said to Martha.

"Little Paddy's a good boy," said she, "but I think it's a sinful waste to be burning gasoline to go all the way to the city to see him play mumbly peg or whatever fool game it is he plays at."

"Have you never seen a game of football?" I asked her.

"I saw him last summer batting a poor little ball back and forth over a net, but I don't know what his feet had to do with it."

"That wasn't football," I told her, "and you little know what's in store for you."

The boy's mother spoke up. "Father," said she, "I never hear the whistle for the kickoff without breathing a little prayer that Pat will come through the game unhurt."

"That's Ethel for you," said Martha. "She worries about the boy every step he takes. Oh, well, she'll get wiser as she gets older, as I did. All these grey hairs you see I got worrying over Denny there, and much good it ever did me. Pull the muffler up around your neck more Denny, before you catch your death of cold. You'd never believe how bull-headed he is, Father. Only last week he got to looking peaked, so I got a

bottle of Simpson's Golden Tonic for him. And the battle I had! I never got more than the half of it down him."

The doctor's ears got red as a beet and he took his eyes off the road long enough to shoot me a sidewise glance, but he held his peace.

All was bustle and commotion on the campus of St. Ruadan's when he reached there late that afternoon. We'd stopped at Pat's fraternity house and the boy was with us. As we walked across the bluegrass to the library where the doctor was to register with the Class of '12, everyone, students and old grads alike, seemed to know Pat. It was "How are you, Pat?" and "What's the good word, Pat?" from every group we met. Pat returned their greetings easy enough, but I wondered the boy's head wasn't swelled like a bushel basket.

"You've got to know a lot of people since you've been here, Paddy," said Martha. "Have you been out raising Old Harry every night instead of studying your lessons?"

"No chance, Grandma," said he. "I'm in bed every night at nine during training."

"Training? What are you, a circus pony?"

"Training," he told her, "includes, among other things, nine hours sleep every night, no cigarets, and eating at a table where we get only the things the coach thinks are good for us."

Martha was up in arms. "Why," said she, "you might as well be in jail. It's a disgrace!"

The doctor went to the alumni banquet that night and there was a party for the ladies in the ballroom of the hotel. Martha wouldn't go to the party to "hear a lot of old hens gabbling," so she and Pat and myself went to a picture show.

We saw the tail end of the feature and then we had a news-reel, and in the newsreel we saw a football game.

"There's football for you, Martha," said I.

"Is it now?" said she and she leaned forward with interest.

On the screen one of the backs bucked the center of the line and the twenty-two men were scrambled into a jumble of arms and legs.

"Is that the way you play it, Paddy?" she asked, "stacking them up in dog-piles like that?"

"That's about it, Grandma," said he, "unless I happen to be on the bottom of the pile."

"Well!" said she. In the dark, I couldn't see her face, but I thought there was a note of respect in her voice as she said, "It looks to be a nice game for a strong boy, doesn't it now?"

The theater lights went up while the crowd was going out, and I asked Pat about his chances for the All-American team.

"I'm not wasting any time on dreams like that, Father," said he, looking uncomfortable.

"They say you have a fine chance."

"That's the home town for you, Father. If a fellow has any stuff at all they think he's a world-beater."

"But I've seen the same thing in the daily papers," I told him.

"Well," said he as though it were something to be ashamed of, "I hope I can keep my passing eye. My kicking doesn't bother me so much."

"You kick, too, do you, Paddy?" said Martha, her eyes sparkling. "Where do you kick them now?"

As we went into the stadium the next afternoon, Dr. Ryan stopped in front of a box decorated with the colors of St. Ruadan's and introduced us to Father O'Hare, the president of the university. When we were taking our seats Martha noticed another big box all decorated on the other side of the stadium.

"Why didn't you make me acquainted with those people over there, too, Denny?" she asked.

"I didn't imagine you wanted to meet them, Mother. The president of the State University is there, together with the regents and the governor of this state and his staff."

"You wouldn't want to be fraternizing with the enemy, would you, Martha?" I asked her.

"I'll fraternize them good if I get half the chance," said she.

St. Ruadan's and the Jaguars were a good even match. The whole first quarter neither of them were able to gain through the line or around ends, and the first downs made the whole game were few. With Pat Ryan as pivot, St. Ruadan's had much the better passing combination, but it soon was plain that the Jaguars had been drilling on their defense against it for weeks. Only one pass in a half-dozen was completed.

The game soon settled down to a punting duel, both teams content to keep the ball a safe distance from their own goal line. Pat Ryan's toe gave his teammates the best of it here, and St. Ruadan's gained right along on the exchanges of punts, but it was plain the two teams might go on the whole afternoon without scoring unless a break came. St. Ruadan's got the break at the end of the half. They blocked a Jaguar punt and a blue and white jersey fell on it not two yards from the goal line.

The whole stadium went wild. I don't think Martha quite knew what was happening, but the excitement in the air was enough for her. She was shrieking like a banshee. With only seconds to play, the St. Ruadan's men leaped into formation and the fullback, a great burly fellow, smashed into the line. When the players had been unscrambled there was the ball, not a foot from the line.

"Let Ryan take it," some man in the crowd near us bellowed and Martha took it up.

"Let little Paddy take it," she screamed. "Let little Paddy take it."

St. Ruadan's tore into position like madmen, with Pat Ryan back for a smash at the line.

"Let little Paddy take it! Let little Paddy take it," Martha was shouting.

And then, half a second before the ball was snapped, the timekeeper's gun put an end to it all.

It took us most of the intermission to explain to Martha what had happened.

"If only I had a gun," she said at last, "it would be the worse for that timekeeper with his blank cartridges."

St. Ruadan's came on the field for the second half with new life in them. They took the kickoff in the shadow of their goal posts, and with an end run and a line smash they made first down in the first two plays. On the next play the mite of a quarterback slipped and slid through the whole Jaguar team for twelve yards. Then Pat got away two long passes in succession, and St. Ruadan's was within scoring distance. Twice they drove against the stone wall of the Jaguar line for little or no gain. Then Pat took the ball for a charge off tackle and over the goal line he went.

But it was no good. The referee's whistle cut the air like a knife. The play was called back and St. Ruadan's penalized ten yards for holding. I tried to explain the penalty to Martha.

"For holding" cried Martha. "I never heard of such a fool thing. What was the man to do? Shoo at them like chickens?"

Pat was back to take the ball again.

"Kick as you've never kicked before, Paddy," Martha was shrilling. "Try what a kick in the nose would do for them."

Pat skirted the left end but the whole Jaguar team was on him. We saw at once he hadn't gained, and when the pile had been cleared away, a blue and white jerseyed form lay on the ground.

"It's Paddy," Martha wailed.

She was right. Clear across the playing field, I didn't need the number of the back to tell me who that clean-limbed young man was. My heart went sick.

Before we knew what she was up to, Martha was out of her seat and tearing down the aisle. Both the doctor and myself

took after her, but she was over the rail and out onto the field before we were well started. For all her years, the little weazened old lady was as fleet as a deer, and we didn't catch her till she'd come up with Pat who by then was stumbling off the field with the coach on one side of him and a teammate on the other.

The boy was blue around the lips, but, sick as he was, he was mad as a hornet when he saw us.

"My gosh, Dad," he said. "What do you and Grandma mean?"

Dr. Ryan had a word with the team doctor and came over to me.

"Father McMahon," said he, "Will you take Mother back over where she belongs and tell Ethel that Pat's not badly hurt. I'm going up to the gymnasium with him. He may have a cracked rib, but nothing worse than that."

On the way back to our own side of the stadium, Martha and I passed the Jaguar's official box. As we came up the governor leaned out. I'd met him only the once and that years before when he was campaigning for Congress, but, like the politician he was he had a good memory for faces. He called me by name and we shook hands.

Then he turned to Martha. "Are you a relative of the boy who was hurt?" he asked her.

"I'm poor little Paddy's grandmother," said she. "And who the dickens might you be?"

"My name is Tyler," said he. "I'm Governor Tyler."

Martha backed off a step the better to look him over from his boots to his hat. "Well," said she. "So you're our governor. I've often wondered what a man like you might look like."

He grinned. "It's a long way back to your own seat," he said. "Would you like to see the rest of the game from my box? Or do you object to sitting on the Jaguar side of the stadium?"

"It's all one with me," said Martha. "I can yell as loud for St. Ruadan's from this spot as from any other."

"Will you join us, Father?" the governor asked me.

"No, thank you," said I. "I must go over and tell the boy's mother he's not badly hurt."

As I walked away I could hear Martha's voice, keening out over the roar of the crowd.

"What, St. Ruadan's? Is it men you are? That's it! That's it! Break his leg for him like a good one."

For the rest of the game I should have had a bicycle. I don't know how many trips I made to the gymnasium to get the latest word of how Pat was and back again to our place in the stadium to reassure his mother. Each trip I went past the governor's box both ways to keep an eye on Martha and make sure she wasn't attempting mayhem on some Jaguar supporter.

They finally got Pat's side bound up with adhesive tape and took him to his room in the fraternity house, and I got back to the field in time to see St. Ruadan's win the game with a field goal in the last five minutes. I shuddered to think of the shock it would be to Martha if the ball had failed to clear that bar.

Ethel and myself found Martha in the crowd after the game was done.

"Pat and the doctor are at the Delta Pi house," I told her, "and I'm taking Ethel there now. Do you want to come with us, or shall we call a taxi to take you to the hotel?"

"To the hotel?" said she. "Not a foot to the hotel will I budge. Sure, I have a date with the governor."

That was the last we saw of Martha for a good long while. She wasn't at the hotel when the three of us got there, and, after waiting till we all were famished, we went ahead at last and had supper without her. After we'd eaten, the doctor took Ethel to the Delta Pi house to spend the evening with Pat, leaving me in the lobby to keep an eye out for Martha. He was back before long and still no sign of her. By that time both the

doctor and myself had quit wondering and were beginning to worry.

"She got terribly excited this afternoon," I said. "You don't think she might be wandering around some place, maybe thinking she's Brian Boru or Niall of the Nine Hostages?"

He shook his head. "I don't think Mother would get any crazier," he said. "But that excitement wasn't the best thing for her heart."

She came through the lobby and was almost up to us before we saw her. I saw at once she was worked up about something.

"Denny," said she, "I want you to take me out to the penitentiary."

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Don't stand there like you'd eat me without salt. I want to go to the penitentiary."

"Are you sure you don't mean the insane asylum?" said he.

"I know what I mean. It's at the penitentiary Johnny Hennessy is."

"You can't go out to see him this time of night."

"Oh," said he. "I think he'll be glad to see me. I've got something for him."

She took a paper out of her handbag and handed it to the doctor. He read it with his eyes bulging out.

"Father," said he, "it's a pardon for Johnny Hennessy. How did you get this?" he asked his mother.

"I got it from the governor, of course."

"But how?"

"I guess it's my sex appeal," said she.

"Mother!" said Dr. Ryan, getting red in the face.

"Well, I told him the kind of mudhead I thought he was to be letting Johnny rot in prison when you can't pick up a paper without reading of murderers and cut-throats running around loose. He asked me a lot of questions and I told him what a

good lad Johnny was, and how it was only an accident that got him into the scrape. So after the football game he asked me to come up to his office in the capitol with him. A young man there brought him an armload of papers and he fiddle-faddled with them till I thought I'd scream. Then he called the warden of the prison on the telephone and talked with him a long time. Then he turned to me.

"Are you all done, at last?" I asked him.

"Yes, Mrs. Ryan, and I greatly appreciate your calling this matter to my attention. I've gone over the records and I find the facts to be exactly as you state them."

"Oh, so you didn't take my word for it."

"No, no, don't think that, Mrs. Ryan, I only needed to have the dates and other details exactly accurate before I could act.

"Then he wrote out the pardon and told me I could have the pleasure of taking it out to little Johnny in person if I liked."

* * * *

Father McMahon was silent and I knew that to his mind the story was ended.

"So Martha Ryan, in addition to her many other accomplishments, turned out to be a fairy godmother to Johnny Hennessy," I commented.

The priest turned with an enthusiastic smile. "Yes, and she was more of a fairy godmother than you may suppose. She not only got him his liberty but she took good care of him afterward. Before we were back in St. Bridget's she had the whole thing cut and dried. She told us all she was tired of living with the doctor and Ethel, and I've no doubt she was, for she couldn't boss that house as much as she's like. She said she was going to move back out to the old Ryan farm and she offered Johnny the job of working the place for her. The young fellow jumped at the chance.

"And, not content with that, she decided a few months ago that Johnny needed a wife, so she set out to look for one for

him. Johnny's still single, for Martha hasn't yet found a girl that suited her, but he'll be a married man before long, or I don't know Martha Ryan.

"I met Johnny on the street last week.

" 'How are you getting on?' I asked him.

"He looked at me for a long time with eyes like a cow's.

" 'Well, Father,' said he, 'there was one thing about the penitentiary. It was quieter there'."

Nocturne

I should not have gone walking in the rain tonight. Mentally, it has left me in an easy-chair. To be sure, my resistance is not what it might be since I can with ease push aside the duties standing in a row, hands at their sides, reproachfully eyeing me. At least, they are all in their respective places for my sturdy thinking during the day has put my mind in order.

Coming from a rain-misted, leaf-covered path into a warm, quiet room is most detrimental to a practical nature. It inspires a mellow mood, a "Mr. Chips" mood. It seems as though every rain-drop left an imprint of a daydream. Disconnected thoughts come gently and insistently; they crowd at the door of my mind, clamoring and pressing their noses against it.

The tempo of living seems slower and kinder as the dusk slips into the night—as "by the tender grace of God's thought there comes a little space of dusk, and dew,—and dreams."

My thinking-cap once set so primly, is entirely askew over one eye. With the other eye I can still see my row of duties—their hobnailed boots planted obstinately before me. But it is all getting very misty now. The rain is still falling, I suppose—warm, quiet,—comfortably drowsy.—Sleep.

—ELEANOR LUBERGER

EDUCATION IN A DEMOCRACY; JEFFERSON'S IDEAL

LEVILLE McFADDEN, ARTS 1

(Second Prize, Jefferson-Mullen Essay Contest)

JEFFERSON aptly described the University of Virginia as the lengthened shadow of one man. There is probably no other institution of learning in the United States of which this can be said with so much truth, for no other owes so much to the purposeful efforts of a single individual. Not only did Jefferson buy and survey the site on which it stands; for its support he also wrung funds from a reluctant legislature, and he was the moving spirit in the selection of the courses of study and in the drafting of the rules for admission and graduation. To him are ascribed the governing laws of the school that set standards of moral character and self-reliance for the students as well as democratic ideals for the faculty. In 1779 Jefferson presented to the state legislature a bill which provided for the revision of the constitution of the College of William and Mary with a view to making the methods of instruction more liberal. Though the bill was defeated and successive attempts during forty years met with no better success, in 1818 a conservative senate succeeded in lining up enough votes to pass a bill providing for a state institution. This was Central College, an institution which in the course of time became the University of Virginia.

Since he realized that the college would not be likely to carry out his principles nor cleave to his ideals unless it was under his direct supervision, Jefferson chose and fought for a site about five miles from his own home. He did not win without a struggle. Valuable time was lost in arguing about various suitable locations, but the Old Schem won his point and Charlottesville was finally accepted. Though heavily in debt at the

time, Jefferson displayed his faith in the venture by subscribing one thousand dollars for the building of the university.

The colleges of that day consisted of one large single building with every department under one roof. This Jefferson regarded as a serious mistake. His plan called for an academic village, a series of houses, each presided over by a resident professor. Here the professor had his quarters, with his classroom and the student lodge adjoining. This village, even to its architectural adornments, was carefully planned and constructed almost without modification. In the course of its construction the shortage of funds necessitated drastic economy, and the contracting firms were argued into the selection and use of the most inexpensive materials. Serpentine walls were used to save on bricks, but no adornment was sacrificed. That he built well, the finished buildings are sufficient evidence; that they delight the eye is proof of Jefferson's love of beauty. When we reflect that the total sum expended was less than \$163,000, we better appreciate the value of money at the time and the far-sighted economy that guided the early destinies of this great school of the South.

No one was more keenly aware than Jefferson that the select courses he had planned would be taught only by a superior faculty. The absolute qualifications of a member of the staff of the University of Virginia were high: prominence in a scholastic field, intellectual honesty, and a broad cultural background. Jefferson was, moreover, inclined towards insisting on sympathy for the democratic ideal. Though he preferred and would favor Americans, he was forced to the conclusion that there were not many native professors of high attainments in the United States. A qualified and well disposed agent was dispatched to the best universities of Europe in search of renowned professors. He succeeded in obtaining the services of six first class teachers, all of them from Great Britain.

Jefferson himself admirably stated the principle of the school when he said: "This institution will be based on the illimitable

freedom of the human mind. For here we are not afraid to follow the truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate any error so long as reason is left free to combat it." With this idea in mind Jefferson sought to make it difficult to drop a professor on the score of what he taught, in order to accord him a high degree of academic freedom. Equal in rank and in authority the professors shared the executive power, as the constitution of the university did not at the time provide for a president because of the well grounded fear that he might rule arbitrarily. That the university grew and waxed strong under the initial impetus its history reveals. With the years the traditions of the university have influenced the statesmanship and political thought of the United States, generally in harmony with the basic principles of Thomas Jefferson.

The paramount interests and mental processes of Jefferson are notably manifest in his selection of the subjects to be taught and in the methods of instruction. One of the essentials of his plan for the conduct of the university was the division of the student body into "schools." There were to be eight in all; schools of ancient languages, modern languages, mathematics, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, moral philosophy and law. A student could matriculate at one or more of these schools. The principle that guided Jefferson in the selection of the curriculum was simplicity itself. He had in mind a college that would teach "all of the branches of science useful to us in the highest degree." The language courses were at the base of his plans because of their value in the cultivation of the memory. He once spoke of them as the foundation of all sciences. Though he advocated progress, he deplored superficiality, for in his opinion subjects that were of enough value to be included in the program should be thoroughly mastered; to him all shortcuts to knowledge were intolerable. Some courses in mathematics were considered invaluable, while chemistry was held in high esteem. Law and government as paramount subjects appear in all of his programs. His well-known love of beauty

in all its forms and his delight in music insured the fine arts a place in the curriculum. With regard to the requirements for admission to the school, the mastery of rather elementary subjects and mature age were all that were demanded. It was not to be a college full of small, noisy boys. As to the method of instruction, the lecture system was assumed by Jefferson to be the best stimulant for independent thought and more likely to create the desire for original research. It would also serve as a bar to the practice of granting degrees without merit, for he could see no value in the fact that men might boast that they were graduates of the University of Virginia. He expected and demanded results—developed, educated men.

To appraise the widespread and beneficial influence of the University of Virginia is far from simple. It can no more be correctly estimated than can the effects of Jefferson's political principles on the civic life of the nation. But the far reaching effect of his ideals cannot be doubted. He dreamed of a magnificent future for American moral, political, and social progress, and he worked unceasingly that his dream might become a reality. No one was more conscious than he that in a country as extensive as the United States, a system of police government was utterly impractical, and that order and security depended in the main upon the quality of its citizens. Universal education, he confidently expected, would raise the standards and clear the way for a lively civic interest on the part of all the people. He contemplated the University of Virginia as the future bulwark of the human mind in the expanding Southland, where, truth to say, it has had an immeasurable influence, promoting real scholarship, and training many who have become sources of moral stimulation and social uplift in their own communities.

Even in the dark years of disappointment and fruitless effort, Jefferson foresaw the university as a nursery of democratic principles and fondly hoped that other states would follow his plan for general education. This idea held the focus of his

conscious thought as he grew older. Towards the close of his life he wrote: "Our sister states will also be repairing to the same fountains of instruction, will bring hither their genius to be kindled at our fire, and will carry back the fraternal affection which, nourished by the same alma mater, will knit us to them by indissoluble bonds of early personal friendships. The good Old Dominion will become a center of alliance to the states whose youth she has instructed, and, as it were, adopted." Convinced as he was of the influence of the university, he prophesied that in twelve or fifteen years the country would be ruled by alumni of the University of Virginia.

Jefferson studiously avoided too much government in the school, appealing instead to the pride and character of the student body. He dreaded discipline by fear or coercion, feeling that the government could be carried on, for the most part, by the students themselves. As a means of government the faculty appointed a board of the most discreet students to whom minor cases of discipline were referred. Disputed cases were to be carried to the faculty, and cases that called for drastic disciplinary measures could be appealed to the Board of Visitors. In this way each student was allowed the full freedom of democratic judgment. Another significant illustration of Jefferson's faith in student self-government was the honor system. In other colleges of his time examinations were taken under strict surveillance. According to Jefferson's policy it was decided that in the future no faculty member was to supervise the examinations, but each student was to attach to his paper a certification that he had neither received nor given aid. Any case of dishonesty was to be handled by the student board of governors, and it is worthy of remark that the history of the school discloses surprisingly few cases of dishonesty.

The long political career of Thomas Jefferson made it inevitable that he should place special emphasis on the relation of education to government. In a letter of advice to a young friend who was considering a career in politics, he recommended

a foundation of mathematics, natural history, natural philosophy, anatomy, chemistry, botany and modern languages. To round out his education he suggested conscientious study of law, politics, rhetoric and history and strongly urged him to travel abroad for several months. "Freedom," he said, "is the first born daughter of science." Freedom of religious faith, freedom of political expression, freedom from social caste and inherent prejudices. He could not abide the dual system wherein there were schools for the wealthy and others for the poor. The social benefits he expected to emanate from the University of Virginia are best expressed in his own words: "If the condition of man is to be progressively ameliorated, as we fondly hope and believe, education is the chief instrument in effecting it." The University of Virginia was the last great task to which Thomas Jefferson lent his hand, and he was no less proud of the result than he was of the Declaration of Independence.



JUNGLE INTERVAL

JOAN FINLEY, DUCHESNE 1

WHY they had chosen this particular spot for the missionary hospital no one knew exactly, not even Doc Johnson. Or perhaps he did know. If he did, he had kept it to himself, like many other things. He had never bothered to offer an explanation as to why, fifteen years before, he had left the States as a young interne and traveled to Central Africa, carrying with him the dream of an experiment and the plan for a government missionary hospital. These two things he had taken with him into the Dark Continent. Perhaps he had seen the place at night with the tropical moon shining down on the queer, little blue flowers that grew beside the dusty road that goes from Kenya to Tanganyika. Or perhaps he had seen it in the daytime and decided that it was as good a place as any to start a hospital in the name of the American government. Anyhow, he had never explained; but here the three rude buildings stood, a mile from the road that leads to Tanganyika. They were long, oddly shaped buildings with bamboo roofs, and they stood side by side in the midst of a clearing of about two acres.

Doc Johnson lived in the smallest one at the far end with Tanu, the native servant who had been his friend and companion for the fifteen busy years he had spent here. The three young doctors who assisted him lived at Kenya, and drove back and forth in their rattle-trap cars. Kenya was like any small American city, and had traffic cops and taxis. It disappointed the tourists who expected to see the wild wonders of the jungle, and instead were ushered into the smart hotel that catered to American tourists, and was famous for its file of sole. The three assistants to Doc Johnson were married, and they lived in queer, little bungalows that looked just alike. Their wives looked somewhat alike too—smart, modern, young Americans, who laughed and played bridge a great deal, and who got a kick

out of living in square bungalows in Kenya with their young doctor husbands.

They were all very kind to Doc. They invited him into Kenya many evenings, and they would all have an American dinner in one of the little bungalows. Sometimes he returned their hospitality, and entertained them, but not often. They weren't ever quite at their ease at his home. It was very dark at night out there, and you could hear the tom-tom of the natives as they did their wierd dance somewhere within that tangled mass beyond the clearing. It wasn't that they were afraid, but out here it was so typically "Africa." In Kenya you could almost forget that not many miles away was the jungle. So Doc Johnson spent most of his evenings in his thatched roofed house, with Tanu for company.

Doc liked the young doctors. They had always done good work out here. They'd never shirked. He'd seen them stand hour after hour with the burning sun beating down on the clearing, and inject serum into the black arms of hundreds of natives. He liked their wives too. They were pretty and gay, like the girls he used to take to proms when he was at school back in the States. He'd never told any of them much about himself, and they hadn't asked. He liked that too. They had come here about five years ago. The hospital was well-established then. He had worked hard and long at it among a race of men who were almost incorrigible, and finally the government had sent him three assistants. The Americans only know that he was kind and quietly heroic. They knew that when he came to dinner at their homes he was the perfect guest. He had that unique gift of conversation that makes people want to listen, not for the sake of being polite, but because of the eagerness to hear what he had to say. They knew that he played a good hand of bridge, and could take all three of them at poker when they had stag dinners at Doc's house after they had worked late at the hospital. This rather astounded them in a man who had lived alone for many long years, and who had not

been out of Africa since his arrival. They knew that Doc had perhaps done more for the natives than any other man in the last half century, and had acquired a reputation for himself among scientists because of a successful experiment that had been only a dream in the mind of a young interne fifteen years ago. These things they knew, besides the fact that he was a man vitally interested in men, and always on the lookout to do what he could for them. But other than this they knew nothing; he hadn't bothered to tell them more, and they hadn't bothered to ask.

This night was a particularly gay one for Doc. As he stood before the mirror in his room and adjusted his tie, he smiled rather childishly at his reflection in the glass. It all seemed very gala. He had never had a farewell party given in his honor before. Well, he'd never taken many farewells perhaps. There had been numerous invitations to the bungalows at Kenya during the past year or two, but none as special as this. This was to be his party, because he was leaving on the following day for a vacation in the States. It had been fifteen years, and that was a long time . . . a long time indeed, and he was very tired. Strange how tired he had become in the last six months. Much sun and rain had fallen on him in fifteen years, weathering and bronzing his skin. He drew the brush through his hair. There were patches of grey at his temples . . . To sail up New York harbor, and see the skyscrapers lift out of the morning mist . . . he had promised it to himself fourteen years ago.

As he drove into Kenya the gay feeling within him had become a warm, tingling sensation, making him almost jubilant, and all during the dinner he looked at the faces of his young doctor friends and their pretty wives in a sort of contented happiness. They seemed so warm and glowing in the soft candlelight. These people were his friends, and somehow they had become extremely important to him. There was the slightest tinge of sadness at leaving them. They spent a long time clus-

tered around the table, even after the dishes had been cleared away, talking of many things in a sort of frivolity and light heartedness, and smoking innumerable cigarettes. But finally the card tables were set up in the living room, and the chairs arranged around them. Doc drew Helen Mason for a partner. They had surprisingly good luck in the first rubber. Helen played well, and was rather elated at defeating her husband. The game was going famously, Doc thought. Winning like this always rather invigorated him. He shuffled the cards with the charming ease with which he did all things. Helen was saying something to Ann Douglas during the interval.

“I must show you Jane’s letter. It’s full of news about the people you know . . . and New York must be agog with excitement. She said Coward’s play was superb, and the Casino as gay as ever. By the way . . . you remember Anne Davis that Jane went to school with? Surely you must. She was simply lovely looking, and charming beyond words. She married Ray Dunn. It was all very romantic. He went away to no one knows where after his graduation. He wasn’t heard from for three years, and then one day, he came back, and he and Anne were married about a month later. It was the biggest wedding of the season, and if two people were ever in love, they were. Well, he was drowned two weeks ago. His death must have been tragic. They had been vacationing on the Sound, and his fishing boat capsized. The shock must have been terrible for Anne. Jane says she has been very brave, and has gone south with her Mother.” Helen paused. “Oh, and Anne, that simply charming tea room on the Avenue where you met—well, you know the place—well, they’ve made a dress shop of it. Disgusting, isn’t it?”

She laughed her queer, gurgling laugh, and they picked up their cards. None of them noticed the blank and rather stricken look on Doc’s face. They arranged the cards, and the bidding started. Spades, Doc thought. Yes, he must bid spades. There they were in his hand—six or seven—lots of them. Spades . . .

spades . . . The playing went on. They were winning again, and it was the last game of the rubber. He mustn't fumble . . . not now. He must play as if nothing had happened . . . finesse that heart. That was right. The ace of spades was still out. Anne or Doc held it. Well, they would lose that trick, but the others were his and Helen's. He gathered the cards in with his slim, strong, brown hand. Spades . . . he kept thinking . . . six or seven of them . . . Anne and Ray . . . and Ray was dead. He mustn't let them know. He must be gracious as ever . . . laugh when he received the high score prize . . . appear happy as a boy over his trip . . . same as before. And so Doc said his good-byes, thanked his hostesses, and drove off into the dark night. On the way home a sort of numbness crept over him. He couldn't seem to think straight. He only knew that Helen Mason had said Ray was dead, and Anne was in the South. He remembered the place on the Avenue too. It used to be a favorite spot to take girls to lunch on Saturdays when he used to come up to New York with the fellows on week-ends. So the tea shop was gone . . . and Ray and Anne too. Perhaps even Central Park had changed.

He sat for a long time that night on the porch. It had a small railing around it, and looked absurdly civilized in this place. There wasn't much breeze, and the only sounds were those of the crickets, and now and then the cry of some wild animal. From far off the rumble of savage music echoed in the night air. The moon seemed high and very bright, and threw a path of light across the clearing. Beyond it was the jungle, hanging like a black curtain with many tangled threads jutting out from it. Vines wound around and around the trunks of the trees that were like black paper silhouettes etched on the dark sky. A thick, steamy vapor hung in the air, which became heavy and impenetrable at the edge of the clearing where the little pool filled with green slime was. The air had become quite cold, and rather clammy. It seemed odd to think that tomorrow at noon the sun would lash down in unmerciful heat . . . oven-like heat.

He had become accustomed to nights filled with shadows and strange sounds. Tomorrow his clothes would hang limp from his shoulders, and the intense heat would envelope everything. Tomorrow at noon, the sun would beat down on the buildings in the clearing, and there would be no shadows; but now the air was cold and steaming, and Doc Johnson sat on his little porch in a large bamboo chair, and smoked his pipe. Funny, he thought, that Helen could say it so calmly . . . and off-hand. But then . . . it wasn't important to her. It seemed strange to think of Ray's being dead.

He thought of that day fourteen years ago. It all came back so vividly . . . the heat, the terrible heat, and the line of natives outside the hospital waiting to have the serum shot into their arms. There had been hundreds of them that day. He remembered how his fingers had ached from holding the needle. He remembered those black, shiny bodies, and the rebellion that had risen in his heart . . . the rebellion and the loneliness. It had been about three o'clock in the afternoon. The line had begun to diminish. A numb feeling had started to creep up his legs because he'd stood so long on them. His hands were moist and sticky. He had been sick with fatigue. It must have been then that it had happened. He recalled how he had raised his eyes from the injection needle he was filling, and had seen that one slim white arm and hand among all those dozens of gleaming, thick, black ones. He didn't quite know why it had startled him so. Perhaps it was the incongruity of it. His eyes had traveled up that arm, past the wretchedly soiled linen suit with the rent in the left sleeve, to the bronzed face. The white man looked straight ahead of him. His hat was pushed back on his head, and the chin strap hung loose from one side. There was a rather dazed look in his eyes, and he was astonishingly thin, but the face still had that handsome debonair look that Doc had known. Here was a man done with many things. Doc couldn't remember what he had said. Perhaps he had only shouted his friend's name rather loudly so that all the natives looked up in

startled amazement. The man had turned and faced Doc, and then had slowly crumpled in a heap on the ground. Doc and two of the black men had lifted him up carefully, and carried him into Doc's house. They had laid him on the bed and slid out of the house stupefied and wondering. Doc had followed them out, and ordered the remainder of those standing in line to return later. They had gone obediently, murmuring to each other as they disappeared into the steaming, shadowy jungle.

Doc had gone back into the house, and stood for minutes looking down at Ray. Ray, whom he hadn't seen since graduation day, three years ago. Ray, who was his best friend, and whom Anne loved and was waiting for. Ray, who, Doc decided, had a bad case of fever. Tanu stripped off the dilapidated linen suit, and the boots with holes in the toes, while Doc puttered about in the kitchen, boiling water, wringing out cloths, and pouring something from a bottle into a small cup. For three weeks Doc worked night and day over his patient. Through long nights he sat with him, feeling his rapid pulse, looking down at the wasted face, and slowly, after much rallying, Ray had begun to recover. Slowly he regained consciousness, and after a time he had even recognized Doc. It had taken a long time. For weeks he had only looked at him, graspingly, like a blind man feeling his way. Then one day a smile had covered his thin face, and out of the wierd dilemma of the fever, recognition of Doc had come to him. He had said:

"Well, Doc, we meet in strange places. Again you've been a pal." Doc had only squeezed his hand tightly, and said:

"Sure, Ray, we're doin' swell."

His recovery was very slow. It was many weeks before his legs would hold him, but after four months he was about again. He stayed on for two months more. He and Doc had great times in those months after he had regained his strength. They talked of many things, but never of themselves. Never once, until one night when they were sitting in the "best room" of Doc's house. They had been talking since dinner of trivial

things. It had grown quite dark, but they hadn't lit the lamps. The tips of their cigarettes glowed in the darkness, and the smoke spiraled up into the air and drifted off in one thin thread of grey. Then Ray had spoken:

"About Anne, Doc, do you ever hear from Anne?"

Doc hadn't answered for a minute. Then he had said:

"No, I never do. Anne and I—well, you see Anne and I just weren't in love . . . not really."

What Doc didn't say was that until six months ago life without Anne had only been a way of marking time for him. To Anne, Doc could never be anything more than a friend. Well, he'd be a friend then. When he and Ray were in college, it had been Ray who stepped aside for him. Ray had always taken it for granted that he didn't have a chance with Anne, and he was one of those men who took nothing that didn't belong to him. Doc remembered how badly Ray had wanted to take Anne to the Spring Prom that last year, but it had been Doc who had taken her, and all along she had wanted Ray to ask her. She had told Doc that after Ray had gone away . . . What Doc did say to Ray that night was:

"Anne's waiting for you. Why don't you go home to her. Even though you don't ever go back she'll still be waiting. She's that much in love with you. This isn't your country, Ray. You just don't belong. Cut the roaming, and go home to the States. She's as blonde and as lovely as ever. Take it from me."

Doc didn't say any more. Both men were silent, because no words could bridge the understanding that bound them together. There was only the sound of the crickets and the cry of some jungle bird coming in through the open window, and the burning tips of their cigarettes glowing in the darkness. After awhile Ray had said, "But what about you? Surely you won't stay on here."

Doc had answered, "Sure, I'll stay on. I like it. I'm working on a serum experiment now that will be a great thing some day.

When that day comes, Ray, I'll come back to the States for a vacation, and you and Anne and I will drive through Central Park. That will be a day—a real one, Ray." And so it had ended.

Funny the way things happened sometimes, he thought . . . like the way they had both loved Anne. Ray had gone home to her, and he had stayed, caring for black men and perfecting an experiment for which he had received a title, a medal with strange words on it, and a very large check that he would use to improve his hospital. But the strangest thing of all he thought, was the way he had waited too long to drive through the Park with his friends. He went into the house and closed the door.

The next morning he went over to the hospital at the usual time. He was working with an oxygen tank when the young doctors came in. They looked up at him in amazement.

"Well, this is a nice one. Why aren't you on your way? The Caravan left an hour ago."

Doc looked up from his work and smiled. "I'm not going. Changed my mind at the last minute. Perhaps I'll go to London later on. But not to the States—not yet."

And because they never asked Doc questions they only said, "Oh!"



AS GOOD AS A THOROUGHBRED

FAYE GOLDWARE, U. C. 2

“**Y**OU wash his neck while I do his tail.”

“O. K., Dick.”

Today Dick's authority was unquestioned by his younger sister Jane. However, she looked wistfully at the white tip of the golden-brown tail. More than once it had been a flag of truce, waved at the critical moment of a household revolt. Jane was being very broad-minded. Didn't boys really know more about dogs than girls did? She would never before admit it, but on this occasion she gave Dick the benefit of the doubt.

“There, there, Fritz, ole boy! Good dog. You like to take a bath, don't ya? Sure.”

But Fritz was not so sure. His head, hanging limply over the side of the wash tub, disclosed the fact. His eyes looked it, as they rolled from side to side, trying to keep track of the four scrubbing hands.

“Where's the soap, Dick? Gimme! I wonder if Mama'll care 'cause we're using her French soap. But we don't want the prettiest dog in town to have a bad complexion, do we, ole fella?”

“Hey! Be careful around his ears. You know Papa said it'd kill him if ya got water in 'em.”

“Well, gosh! What does he do when it rains?”

Dick was stumped, but there were more important things at hand. “Gee, ain't you glad Fritz ain't a thoroughbred? He looks 's good as any pedigreed collie, 'cept he's a tiny bit littler. An' if he was a thoroughbred, we couldn't enter him in the contest tomorrow.”

“Yah, I know it. An' since his coat is so much like a real collie's, he ought to be the prettiest dog there. Oh, boy! Won't the kids be jealous when we get our burro?”

They worked on in silence, their short, plump bodies bent diligently to their task and their dark heads gleaming as the warm rays of the sun beat upon them. There was excitement in the air. Dry leaves rattled to the ground. Children's hilarious shouts and screams sounded from a distance. The soap suds were a pastel splendor. Now and then a bubble formed and sailed lazily into the air.

Dick unrolled the hose and improvised a shower for the soap-laden dog. That was too much for Fritz. Gone was his meek submission, up came head and tail, and out come Fritz.

"Fritz!" they shrilled in one mortified voice. Fritz pretended to hear nothing. With a triumphant bark and a vigorous shake he dashed into the garden where he wallowed in the soft earth. With cries of "You bad dog! Come back here! Fritz! Come back here!" the children started after him. They raced all over the yard, Dick chasing Fritz and Jane trying to keep up with Dick. Jane gave up and climbed onto a stone bench. Her fat little legs dangled wearily, her cheeks were flushed under the smudges of dirt, her dress was wet and soapy, and her countenance was stormy.

She watched Fritz elude Dick. It was a transformed Fritz. He would come almost within reach of Dick's grasping hands, then with a twist of his body leave them clutching at empty space. His mischievous, staccato barks punctuated the pursuit. Finally Dick's hands caught fast in the damp fur, and Fritz surrendered. Jane, her fatigue forgotten, ran to participate in the victorious march back to the tub.

Fritz underwent the uncomfortable procedure in sheer dejection. At last he reached that point of immaculateness which satisfied his owners. He was allowed to step out of the water and was about to dry himself according to his natural instincts when he discovered that the torture had only reached its climax. Jane approached him, a motherly smile spread over her chubby face. In one hand she held a tooth brush, in the other a tube of tooth paste . . . The dental process almost ended disastrously.

Jane then brought a large, soft pillow for Fritz to recline on while she combed his beautiful golden and white coat. With a disdainful glance and something that sounded like a snort of disgust, Fritz sat down on his haunches a few feet from the pillow. Seeing that he did not care for such luxury, Jane settled herself on the scorned cushion and combed and brushed him until he was of a silky softness. Fritz thoroughly enjoyed this. The comb stimulated him, the brush soothed him, and the small hands—now patting, now caressing—comforted him.

While Jane did the "girls' work," Dick rested flat on his back in the warm sunshine. His short, fat arms were strained so that his hands could support his tousled head. His dark eyes, usually sparkling with fun, were dreamy. They visualized dogs, judges, burros, and the like.

All that day Fritz was forced to stay at home where Jane could see that he stayed out of all dirt. Morosely he watched Dick saunter into the garage and come riding out on his bicycle. But he was obedient. As the hours passed, Jane grew restless in anticipation of what the next day would bring. She complained to Mama, "Seems 's if tomorrow'll never get here."

But it did, chilly, grey, and threatening rain. The children awoke with a start, jumped out of bed, and immediately began to dress. They put on their "best" clothes. When Mama and Papa saw them very soon after rising, all of the bleakness of the morning fled from the room; their eyes shone, and their faces glowed with excitement. Fritz, too, had caught the spirit of the day. The three of them made such a spirited, joyful picture as they greeted each other with "Morning, Fritz, ole boy, ole boy!" and the answering yelps that the parents thought it impossible for the judges not to award first place to Fritz. But in the midst of their pride in ownership, worried glances passed between them, glances that asked, "What are we going to do with the burro?"

After breakfast Papa took the contestants down to the court house where all of the boys, girls, and mongrels were to meet.

Newspapermen were taking pictures. Jane and Dick were eager to have theirs snapped, but Fritz had no desire for publicity. He squirmed and jumped until the photographer gave up in despair. After discharging all the duties of registration, Dick and Jane had an opportunity to look about them. There were dogs and children of all sizes, colors, and degrees of cleanliness. And there was noise. The young voices were shrill, and the canine barks were loud. Jane and Dick scanned the crowd with critical eyes. In a relieved tone Dick assured Jane, "Fritz is the prettiest dog here. It's a cinch!"

Above the clamor sounded a man's voice. All were to get in line for the parade. A rush followed. Everyone crashed into everyone else. Dogs became belligerent. Children became frantic. Finally they were ready to start. They marched down the main street of the city. On each side the passers-by had halted to watch the little folks. How proud each one of the masters and mistresses was! Dick and Jane were especially so. Fritz was the most spirited of all. He strained at his new leash, flaunted his tail, stepped high, and barked. Other prize-seekers started to yelp and bay. Thus, to the tune of its own vocal music the procession reached its destination, Cass Park.

The different classes of competition met in their respective places. There was rivalry for the prettiest dog, the homeliest dog, the one made up of the most breeds, the one with the most ferocious growl, and the one with the most fleas. A burro was to be awarded to the winner in each class. Jane and Dick led Fritz to a green nook where the beauty-title-seekers were gathered. They noticed someone whom they had not seen before. He was a little boy about six years old, with a tiny dog whose sleek black coat was brightened by splotches of snow white and creamy tan. The Legionaire in charge of that section seemed to take a special interest in the tiny pair, and his lady assistant was femininely attentive.

Jane was desperate. "Oh, Dick, look!"

The words were unnecessary. Dick had already looked and what he saw made him fierce. "Yeah, I see! Gosh, just look at it—that *little* thing. An' its body's 'bout ten times as long as its legs. Just look at that skinny tail!"

"I'll bet his father's an American Legion man or something. Gee, that ain't fair! Hey, where's Fritz?!"

Fritz had taken advantage of the moment to stroll over to the next division. He was in the act of exchanging compliments with a dirty white bulldog with a pugnacious jaw. Dick yanked Fritz away just in time to avoid a conflict. The three returned to their group.

The judges deliberated. At last all were eliminated but Fritz and the little black dog. Again the judges deliberated. Jane's and Dick's hearts thumped. They strained their lips into placid smiles, but there was a worried look in their eyes. Fritz did his part well. He carried his head and tail with a proud air. His pointed ears were keenly alert. His mouth, partly open, revealed glistening white teeth and the tip of his pink tongue. The tiny black dog seemed indifferent. There was none of the "collie's" sparkle and animation about him. The judges inspected Fritz very minutely. Jane had hopes. "Maybe they're going to be fair 'bout it after all. They can't help but give it to Fritz," she thought.

Dick, with a strained look, was muttering, "I hope Fritz wins. God, let Fritz win! Please, God!"

After a whispered conference with the Legionaire, the lady, with a brilliant smile, approached Dick and Jane. They were numb with incredulity. Pencil poised above a blue card, she asked them their names and the name of their dog. Mechanically Dick furnished the desired information. Not only was it a man's job, but Jane was dazed and ashamed that she had suspected the charming lady of partiality. The children felt rather than heard her congratulations. They understood clearly only her last words: "The burros will be at Thirtieth and Farnam streets tonight."

When she had left them to join the other little boy and the Legionaire, Dick looked at Jane, and Jane looked at Dick. Without a sound, simultaneously they knelt, embraced Fritz, and buried their faces in his fur. He carressed their hands with his tongue, wagged his tail rapturously, and wriggled his whole body. Finally, the children arose. In the excitement they had not noticed the drizzling rain. They shivered with joy, cold, and hunger. As they became conscious again of the crowded park, they spied the precious burros, who were responding to the test rides of prospective owners with patient indifference.

The three started toward the beasts. In passing, they saw their little rival with a pink card in his hand. They smiled at him benevolently and pityingly. They had not gone far when Fritz stopped to continue his acquaintance with the antagonistic bulldog. When Jane saw both of the dogs stiffen dangerously and, as it were, cautiously tiptoe around each other, she tugged anxiously on Dick's arm. But it had relaxed and dropped the end of the leash. Dick shared none of her antipathy for dog-fights. On the contrary, he "loved 'em." Ignoring his frightened sister, Dick urged the dog on with wild shouts of "Get him, Fritz! Murder him!" The battle was short but vigorous with more snarling and gnashing of teeth than actual bloodshed. It was over, neither contestant hurt.

Jane and Dick then examined the burros, enjoyed a ride on one, and finally departed to bring the news of victory to Papa.

They ran the entire four blocks to the store. Papa saw them in the distance, Fritz capering in front, Dick next, and Jane panting along behind. Dick waved the blue card in the air. His face and hands were moist with rain water, his suit smeared with mud. Jane was just as begrimed. And Fritz, showing signs of his recent scuffle, had become a dirty brown color.

Papa was almost as excited as his children. He hurried them off to lunch, where, between bites, they told him all the details of the thrilling morning. In the beginning, Papa suggested

that they eat first and talk afterwards. But it was a suggestion only from duty, not expecting nor exactly desiring obedience; so it was overlooked. The children talked at once, interrupted each other to volunteer some slighted particular, and, when describing their emotions, resorted to exclamations which were more revealing than sentences could have been. Papa lost a little of his glow when he visualized a burro adorning their suburban back yard. Temporarily, however, he shoved the thought out of sight as another impending problem.

The afternoon was spent in preparing a lodging in the garage for the burro. At first, Dick planned to ride him home that evening. But Jane insisted on riding with him. That was impossible. So it was finally decided that Papa would tie him to the spare tire on the back of the car and lead him home.

Evening came. Mama, Papa, Jane, Dick, and Fritz went to claim the new addition to the family. At Thirtieth and Farnam streets a crowd of children and a few conspicuous adults surrounded the corralled burros. When Papa turned off the motor and started to open the door, Dick said shyly but hopefully, "Couldn't we go get him alone?" After a moment's hesitation, Papa consented. The children, followed by Fritz, joined the eager group of prize-winners.

A Legionaire had already started to award the burros. As the various names were called, the people and burros dispersed. Several children turned away disappointed. They had received honorable mentions and had come tonight hoping in vain that their more successful rivals would not be present to claim the prizes. Jane and Dick waited patiently for the sound of their names. They appraised the various burros and unanimously decided that they would like to have the wistful looking one with white spots on his back. They watched anxiously to see that no one else took him. Finally, he stood dejectedly alone. Their names had not yet been called. Had they been too engrossed in the burros and not heard?

Only a few persons remained around the corral. Jane and Dick saw their little rival with his tiny black dog. The little boy, holding his papa's hand, stood watching the wistful burro. His papa—who did not look like an American Legion man—was talking excitedly with the Legionaire.

Dick, his lips compressed, watched the two men. Jane knew that in another minute she would cry. But her tears were checked by the Legionaire's voice. With a final shake of his head at the little boy's papa, he called Jane and Dick. They hurried toward him. With trembling hands and a faint "Please" from Jane, they offered him their blue card. He smiled at them a bit wearily and turned to fetch the burro. When Jane and Dick grasped the halter, the sweetness of possession was almost too much for them.

"He's beautiful," sighed Jane rapturously as she gently stroked the burro's coarse fur.

Dick grinned. "Come on, let's lead him over to the car." Fritz, right behind the burro, startled him with a sudden torrent of barks. A hind hoof shot out and grazed the dog's head. Quickly Fritz joined the children and eyed the burro suspiciously.

The four had just started toward the car when they heard the unmistakable scream of a thwarted child. The little boy, tears streaming down his grotesquely distorted face, was holding out his arms toward the burro. "Gimme back my horse! It's mine! It's mine!" he screamed between convulsions of sobs.

The four halted. Jane and Dick looked sympathetically at the crying child. Then slowly they started for the car again. The screams were louder and more frantic. The little boy's face was a purplish color. The four halted again.

"Poor little boy," murmured Jane while two tears splashed on her dress. Dick nodded. The little boy continued gesticulating toward the burro. "Dick, he wants the burro so badly!" And several tears in quick succession splashed after the first two. "Let's give it to him!" A smile gradually spread over

Dick's face as he nodded again. Jane wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. And they led the burro over to his new master.

The little boy looked at them angrily. Without a word or a smile, he grabbed the halter. "Here's your burro. Of course, he's yours," said Jane. The little boy turned his back to them. Dick and Jane laughed. They saw the little boy's papa approaching, a grateful smile on his face. But they did not wait to be thanked. Dick whistled to Fritz, and all three ran back to the car.

Mama and Papa had proudly witnessed the entire scene. While praising the children, a covert glance of relief passed between them, a glance which said, "Thank goodness, no burro!"

The next morning was Sunday. Jane and Dick raced downstairs and out on the porch where Papa was reading the paper. He interrupted the weekly scramble for the funnies with an excited, "Hey, kids, look at this!" They looked. On the first page of the thick Sunday paper was a picture of three children and a burro. Last night Jane and Dick had been so intent on presenting the burro to the little boy that they had not noticed the flash of the photographer's bulb. Jane called Papa's attention to the fact that even Fritz was in the picture. There in one corner was his white-tipped tail.

Suddenly, Dick uttered a piercing "Lookee!" which brought Mama out to the porch. A huge live-stock truck had stopped before the house. Two men had adjusted a gangplank to the back of it. The head of an animal appeared.

"A burro!" the children screamed together as they dashed down the steps. The men slowly led the animal up the front walk into the yard. One of them handed Papa a letter. The *Times* was proud to present a burro to the generous owners of Fritz.

"Isn't that nice," said Papa to the man. To Mama he whispered, "Oh, we'll get rid of it somehow."

WHY STAGE DIRECTORS GO MAD

PRISCILLA DIXON, DUCHESNE 4

THE well-known saying, "You don't have to be crazy to be an actor, but it helps," goes double in the case of the modern stage director, at least for us poor amateurs. Aside from the agony of hearing the "back stage noises" half a minute too soon, watching props fantastically disappear as the curtain rises, cajoling temperamental actors, finding lost prompt-books, and all that, the conscientious director must wrestle with unanswerable problems presented by the playwright.

Could any normal person carry out the following bit of business?

We are translated to the depths of the wood in the enchantment of a moonlight night. In some other glade a nightingale is singing . . . Mr. Coade is seen pirouetting charmingly among the trees . . . he minuets off in the direction of Paradise . . . Margaret pursues a squirrel that isn't there . . . Is seen in a tree . . . covers herself with leaves and kicks them off . . . We begin to lose her among the shadows.

This selection taken from "Dear Brutus" is a sample of Barrie's ordinary stage directions.

Lest you think he is the only playwright with designs on the director, how would you solve these problems?

Enter Lady Golightly, having had a cup of tea.

Henry James' first drama

Mrs. Boyle enters by door on right. She is forty-five years of age, and twenty years ago she must have been a pretty woman.

Sean O'Casey, "Juno and the Paycock"

THE CREIGHTON QUARTERLY

Oliva comes in through the windows, followed by George and Lady Marden, the latter a vigorous young woman of sixty odd, who always looks as if she were beagling.

A. A. Milne, "Mr. Pim Passes By"

The scene is a stately drawing room at Aston-Adey, with fine pictures on the walls and Georgian furniture. Aston-Adey has been described with many illustrations in Country Life.

W. Somerset Maugham, "The Circle"

Enter Briquet and Mancici. The latter wearing the noiseless smile of a satyr.

Leonid Andreyev, "He Who Gets Slapped"

The other place is filled by Wulfred, a round faced boy of sixteen, who has already swung his ax against the Danes in Yorkshire.

Edna St. Vincent Millay, "The King's Henchman"

On her entrance, her face is masked with an exact, almost transparent reproduction of her own features, but giving her the abstract quality of a Girl instead of the individual, Margaret.

Eugene O'Neill, "The Great God Brown"

He is now under his mother's thumb but will later become a tyrant.

Lady Gregory, "Londonderry Air"

Such infuriating stage directions with character requirements, make up problems, complicated sound effects, curtain difficulties, and a thousand odds and ends constitute a director's daily life. Now, who wants to be one?